THE AUGUST

ROYAL

SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER.

4D

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Needs must where INDIGESTION drives.

You have to avoid some favourite dish, or you do not enjoy your food and have to be uncomfortably particular about your diet. **WHY?** Whether you know it or not you are suffering from **INDIGESTION.** Instead of your stomach being the minister of your body's needs, it is impeded in its action by dyspepsia, and you are being robbed of your nourishment, your sleep, your pleasure. Now, if you wish to save yourself from, perhaps, very serious illness you will seek the aid of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and drive away the **INDIGESTION.**

A course of this famous remedy will, as certainly as water quenches thirst, impart new vigour to the Stomach and Digestive Organs. The Liver and Kidneys will be cleansed and regulated, the Blood purified, and the general health soundly re-established.

BEECHAM'S PILLS have done this for many thousands of suffering and distressed people: Why should they not do as much for you?

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Indigestion.

BODLEIAN 21.7.1903

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THE GRINDSTONE of this LIFE is PAIN and SUFFERING!

MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

The humorist HOFFMANN held that Evil was always concealed behind APPARENT Good, and the Devil had a whisk of his tail in EVERYTHING!

"ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic. 'Alas,' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—*Smiles.*

MORAL.—AN HONEST, MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD, LIKE

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

THE BEST ANTIDOTE YET INTRODUCED. IT RECTIFIES THE STOMACH and MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY BY SOOTHING AND NATURAL MEANS! Its UNIVERSAL Success distinctly proves that it is impossible to OVERSTATE ITS GREAT VALUE.

There is no doubt that where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a serious illness. Its effect on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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For the Seaside.

As a Special Attraction for the Holiday Season, we are introducing

Model 1882. 6/11

A Smart Summer Outfit, consisting of Blouse and Skirt, for **6/11**, complete. The Blouse is one of our New Printed Muslins, either Heliotrope, Pink, Sky, or Grey on White Ground. The trimming consists of Paris lace insertion and tucked silk. The Skirt is of good durable Black or Navy Serge or Ecru Holland, smartly cut and trimmed with six rows of Braid. Inverted pleat at back, fastening at side. Sizes of waist are 24, 26, and 28 ins. Our special price is 4/11 for the Skirt alone, 2/6 the Blouse, or 6/11 the complete outfit. Carriage 6d. extra. The grandest value ever offered. No lady should miss this bargain. In ordering, please give size of waist and length of skirt in front. Order early to avoid disappointment. The same Blouse supplied with Holland Skirt (without the braid trimming) for **5/11** complete (carriage 6d.) New Designs in Linen Costumes from **10/6** complete. Send for New Catalogue containing 108 beautiful illustrations of Latest Fashions. Free for a post-card.

JOHN NOBLE, Ltd.,
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El Destino Cigars are manufactured in Mexico, on the spot where the tobacco is grown.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

JULY & AUGUST.

BIRD'S CUSTARD & FRUIT.

Dishes for these Months.

Strawberries & Custard.
(A Delightful Summer Dish.)
Sliced Bananas & Custard.
Stewed Cherries & Custard.
Stewed Gooseberries & Custard.
Stewed Raspberries & Custard.
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(BIRD'S CUSTARD makes delicious ices.)

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very slightly damaged by smoke and water only, and in order to clear this lot quickly, we have decided to sell it in **BIG PACKETS**, assorted kinds, for trimmings, insertion, &c., at the

SACRIFICE PRICE OF 1/- EACH PACKET.

Send us by return, P.O. or 13d. stamps, and we will send you a large packet of this splendid lace, which will simply astonish you. Two packets 24d. stamps. Write to-day certain, Dept. 18

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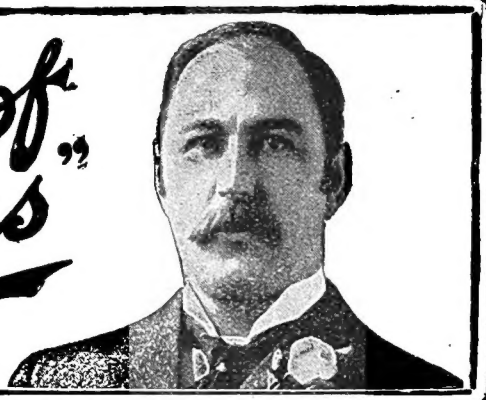
"The force of figures."



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What it means.

If your Appetite is poor and you scarcely ever eat with an enjoyable relish, you are suffering from the effects of Weak Digestion, for which there is no Remedy so safe, so sure, so pleasant as Guy's Tonic. It creates Appetite, ensures perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, makes you feel Brighter and Stronger in every way—so quickly that you will be surprised.

People who eat, not because they want to but because they must, find their Strength and Energy diminish, and suffer a feeling of Lassitude and Weariness that robs pleasure of enjoyment, and makes life itself a burden. The little food that is eaten often causes Heartburn, Wind, Hiccoughs, Nausea, and much Discomfort, if not actual Pain.

When you are Tired-out, feel Weak, Food does not Nourish you, and your Appetite is poor, you need Guy's Tonic. It will revive your Strength, ensure perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, promote Appetite, and restore Nerve power. It strengthens the entire System, correcting the causes of Indigestion, Debility, and Emaciation. Following the use of Guy's Tonic, meals are eaten with zest, and there is a gratifying increase of Vigour and Vitality, because the Blood is enriched with all the Nutriment the Food contains.

Mr. J. Gardner, of 10 Terminus Street, Weymouth, writes:—"I have suffered agony from Indigestion, but the first bottle of Guy's Tonic gave me relief. I have taken three bottles in all, and am now free from Pain, CAN ENJOY MY FOOD, and feel a different man in every respect. I shall always endeavour to keep a bottle in the home, and shall recommend it to anyone whom I know to be suffering. It is impossible to speak too highly of Guy's Tonic."

Guy's Tonic
Creates Appetite,
Aids Digestion,
Restores
Strength and Vitality.

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere at 13½d. per Bottle. There is nothing whatever "just as good."

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BOOKLET TELLING HOW TO OBTAIN FREE

Don't despair if you lack the charms of a finely proportioned figure. You can learn the secret **free of cost.** A perfect bust gives you power to attract and to influence men and women.

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is made for our dainty illustrated booklet which tells you how to possess beauty of form. It is sent post free, in plain envelope, to any lady sending her name and address.

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You will be agreeably surprised to know how quickly and safely (for a few shillings) a perfectly natural well-developed contour can be obtained. The effect is secured almost immediately—no tedious, lengthy process or disgusting nostrums to meddle with. Do not fail to write at once.

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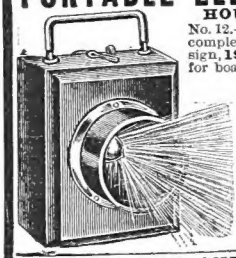

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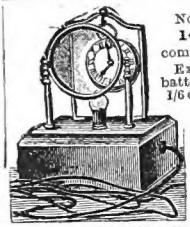

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We invite inspection of our Showrooms. Send for Illus. Booklet.
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Trial Bottle Post Free. **7D.**

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SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

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are the best fitting, most stylish, and absolutely the finest all-round value in the world. In Glacé Kid, Box Calf, or Horse Skin. For Ladies or Gentlemen. When ordering, state size usually worn, or send shape of foot on paper, or an old boot.

W. R. MORGAN, Esq., 1, Ashbrook Terrace, Brecon, writes, when ordering a pair of our "Easiephit" Horse-skin Boots:—"The last pair I had from you have been worn by me almost daily, and since the day I had them, which is nearly three years ago, they have given me every comfort. They have been soled three times."

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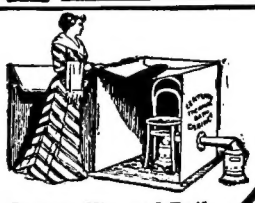

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THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH with the CRESCENT SHOWER

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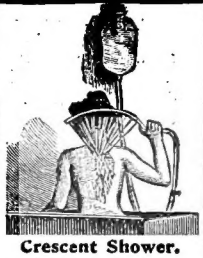

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New Models. Plated Rims. Free Wheels, Rim Brakes; Tyres: Dunlop or Clincher principle. Sample at reduced price. Agents Wanted.—Write, The Manager, DEREHAM ROAD CYCLE Coy. Norwich.

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Have that Positive Rotation of the Brush which ensures Good Sweeping.

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Then your pleasure is greater, your smoke purer, and, in fact, it is a real holiday friend.

All the mellow and rich flavour of the tobacco is experienced without the possibility of injurious moisture entering the mouth or pipe bowl. "*Worth its weight in Gold*," but sold at 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, and upwards. Every Pipe Guaranteed. Illustrated Booklet, "HINTS TO SMOKERS," Free. The "MASTA" Pipe can be obtained at Tobacconists, or from The "MASTA" PATENT PIPE Co. (Dept. 4), 153, Fleet-st., London, E.C.

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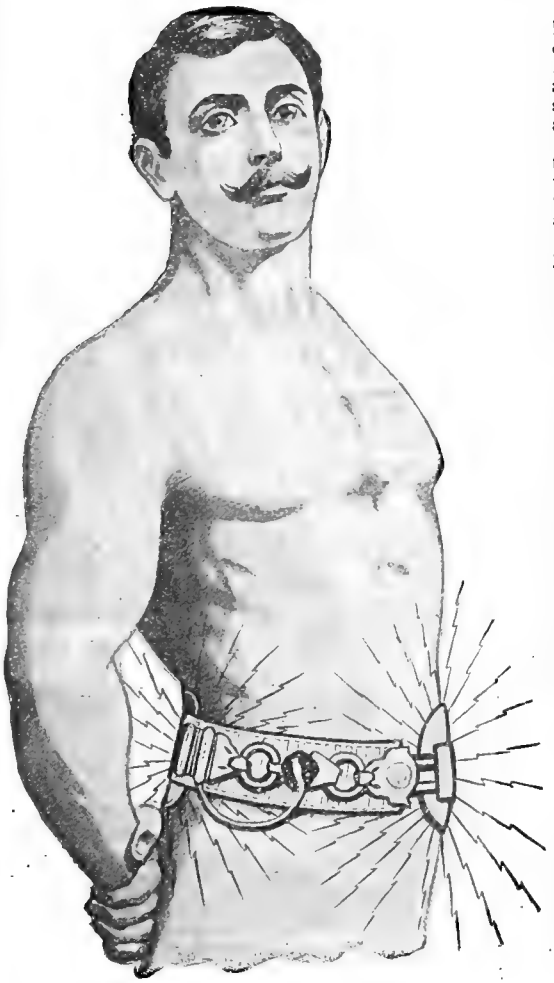
The Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s Electro Vigour has Restored His Lost Strength.



This is the way they feel, the men who had given up hope, who thought there was no cure for them, until they came upon The Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s Electro Vigour. Now they are full of life and overflowing with joyous spirits. Pains are gone, weakness has gone, and full vigour is in every action.

Do you want to feel like that? Then wear this grand life-giving appliance for two months at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life, and you will feel rejuvenated and invigorated. It puts steam into your run-down body, drives away pain, and renews youth.

GET SOME LIFE INTO YOU!

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden man? Feel like a man of spirit. Away with the pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old and had one foot in the grave. Come and let us put life into your nerves; let us give a new supply of youthful energy. Let us make you feel like throwing your chest out, and your head up, and saying to yourself "I'M A MAN!" Let us give you back that old feeling of youthful fire, vim, and courage. We can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt so slow and pokey as you do now. Act to-day. Life is sweet, so enjoy every minute.

WHAT WE SAY WE PROVE.

The following is only one of the many grateful testimonials we daily receive from those whom we have cured.

"Mayfield Place, Eastbourne,
"January 31, 1903.

"The Dr. McLaughlin Co.,
"164, Strand, W.C.,

"Dear Sirs,—I write a line to say that I find your Electro Vigour has done me a lot of good, although it is only three weeks since I received it. I recommended the Appliance very strongly to a gentleman from South Africa whom I met lately at Portsmouth, and quite thought he would have been to you. A customer of mine at Brighton told me he should apply to you for a book, as he suffers very much from head and nerves. I shall call on you personally when next in London.—Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) (Mr.) E. W. HILLMAN."

One thing every man ought to know is this: Your body is a machine; it is run by the steam in your blood and nerves. When you begin to break down in any way, you are out of steam; that's just what we want to give you back.

Our twenty years of study are shown in this grand appliance. You will wear it with comfort at night, and the ELECTRICITY infused into your body cures all Nervous and Vital Trouble, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Lame-Back, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, and all forms of pain and weakness. It restores the life while you sleep, and must cure.

SPECIAL NOTICE. **Call and see this wonderful appliance if you can. Remember, when you use ELECTRO VIGOUR, you are under the care of a qualified physician. Consultation and examination free. If you cannot call, we will send you our beautiful 64-page book, with full information. It is FREE if you cut out this advt. and send it in.**

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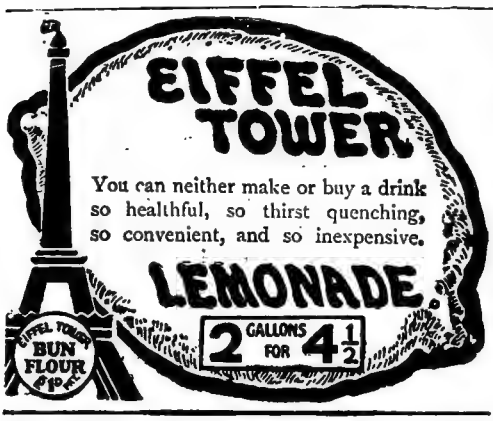
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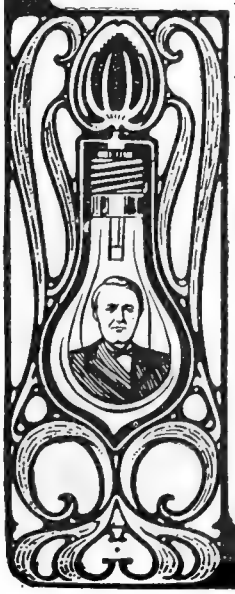

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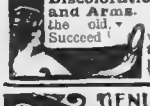

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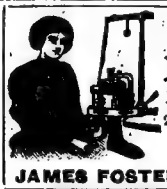

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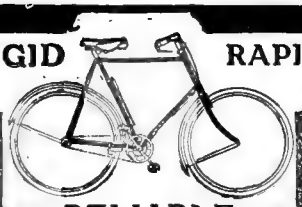

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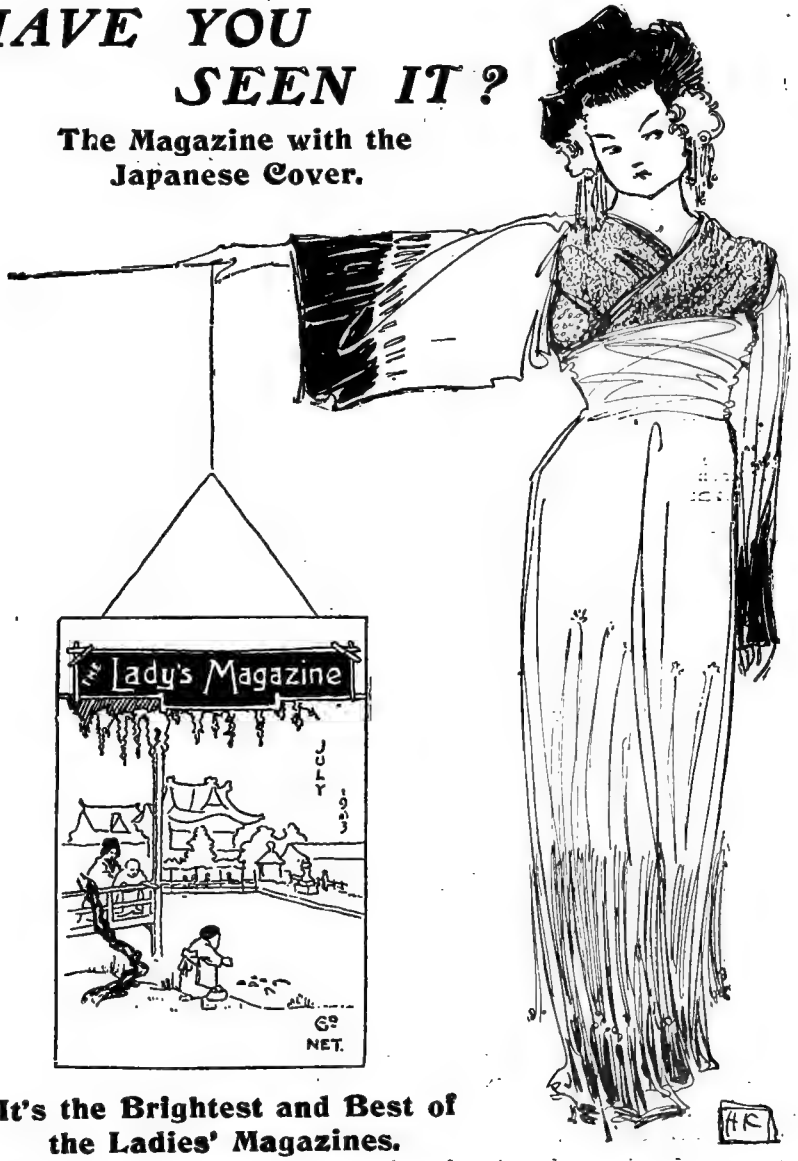

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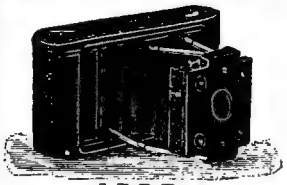

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1903.

		PAGE
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MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE ... ...

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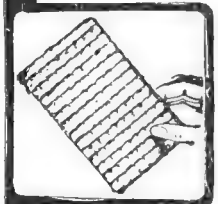

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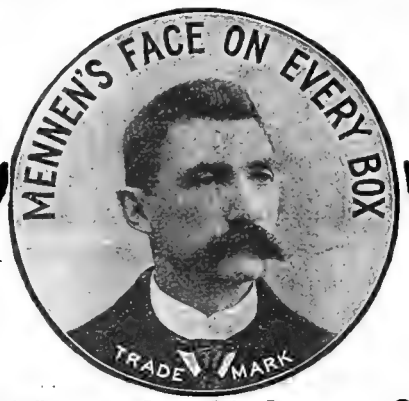

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Photo by Elite Portrait Company.

In Celia's face the question did arise —
Which are more beautiful, her lips or eyes?

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Photo by Ellis and Walery.

SYBIL ARUNDALE.

Sybil Arundale is the youngest leading lady in London. It seems only yesterday that she was one of our most popular child actresses, whereas now behold her!—a grown-up lady, in grown-up frocks, and with a well-trained strong contralto voice. "What do I do when I am not on the stage? Oh, I potter about in the garden and plant things, you know; and I ride and play golf. I don't care for motor cars; they aren't what I call exercise." Miss Arundale is a great talker, and what is better still, has a lot to talk about.

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From the Stalls.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield

Madge Lessing came over to this country during the American invasion a couple years ago. She is of English—or rather of Irish—parentage, though born in London. But in her manner she is American from the top of her soft brown hair to the tips of her absurdly small feet. She started in the chorus, but soon—in fact, a fortnight after her start—found that a leading part better suited her temperament, and Madge Lessing has thought so ever since. She is an accomplished fencer, having learnt to use the foils when playing the title-*rôle* of "The Dangerous Maid." So that, perhaps, she could be ***dangerous*** off as well as on the stage.

MADGE LESSING.

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Photo by White.

GEORGE WALKER.

George Walker is the leading actor and one of the managers of the Williams and Walker Company that have lately been playing "In Dahomey" to delighted English audiences. The company is a large one, there being one hundred all told—every one of them coloured. The colour varies from the pure-bred Negro to the fair Quadroon or Creole. George Walker is the funniest fellow going, and keeps the audience in fits of laughter all the time. As a dancer he is unbeaten, for his feet are never still, and it seems that you cannot tire him one atom. He has been on the stage ever since he was a boy, mostly in small companies and in music-hall sketches. He is a capital fellow to talk to, as bright as you could wish, and as kindly.

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Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

DAISY LE HAY.

Not only has this enterprising young lady played in London and in the country for the last four years, she has been to Russia—wicked Russia—where one half of the people are sent to Siberia, and the rest have quite unpronounceable names. But Daisy Le Hay was not sent to Siberia. On the contrary, she enjoyed Russia very much, and I have no doubt that Russia delighted in Daisy Le Hay still more. She has been on the stage since she was sixteen, so, you see, she is now twenty. What a delightful age! Young, pretty, and twenty! Who could wish for more? She is devoted to animals of all sorts—rats or rabbits, tigers or tortoises.

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Photo Ellis & Walery.

WILLIE WARDE.

"Infant—W. Warde." This was on a programme in 1860 of a music hall burlesque. Willie Warde, the "infant" as the programme says, was only fifteen months old at that time, and, for his age, a very good actor with a remarkably strong voice. But Willie Warde has not been on the stage ever since. He left it for several years to complete his education, and then rejoined.

When one remembers that Willie Warde is the greatest of dancers, one is apt to wonder that dancing consists of "five and no more than five" positions. Willie Warde uses at least five hundred, and then the audience want more.

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LITTLE CLARISSE HENEY.

Little Clarisse Heney went on to the stage when she was seven years old. She is now twelve, and will be thirteen next Christmas day. She has a very fine voice, and when she gets older she will be heard in grand opera. But at present she is content with dancing delicious little dances and singing pretty little coon songs like "Ma curly-headed babby." If singing and dancing suits you, pretty little Clarisse, why, it suits us also.

Photos by Arthur Weston.

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Photo by Biograph Studio.

DELIA MASON.

"I have been on the stage less than a year, so how can I have anything of interest to tell you?" But she has a great deal to tell us, though. The most delightful part about this very delightful young lady is that she never stops laughing once. Delia Mason is a capital host. To tell the truth, when the "Royal" went to see her, so great were the charming lady's persuasions that he put away five pieces of bread and butter and four of cake, to say nothing of three cups of tea.

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THE CURIO SALE.

Being another story of the unparalleled audacity of the now notorious Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

For nearly a month after his brief career as a non-commissioned officer had closed, Mr. Dimmock had absolutely been guiltless of practical joking. He had sighed, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, but had sighed in vain.

Then, however, chance stood his friend, and ordained that he should find the germ of suitable material for a new project, within the well-stuffed—and stuffy—interior of a first-class railway carriage.

The only other occupants of this particular carriage were a middle-aged couple whose prevailing note was that of fractiousness. First one, then the other, complained that somebody hadn't done something—Dimmock could not, at first, make out what.

But, taking an idle man's mild interest in their conversation, he was soon made aware of the fact that these two were on their way to the house of a certain Mr. Ebenezer Lindum—who happened to be well known by repute to Dimmock as an extraordinarily mean and grasping old man—there to inspect and (they hoped) purchase several of the art treasures collected by him in many lands.

Their fractiousness was caused by the fact that the auctioneer and house-agent's clerk, who was to have conducted them over the house and priced the old china, heathen gods, josses, Satsuma vases, etc., had not put in an appearance at the London terminus to meet them according to arrangement.

Mr. Dimmock heard all that he thought necessary for the carrying out of his own hastily formed scheme, and then politely raising his hat, said:

"Pray pardon my stupidity in failing to discover you at the station, but not having met you before, perhaps the mistake is pardonable. I am deputed to take you over Mr. Lindum's house. It is very lucky I should have chanced upon the same compartment as you."

The gentleman looked rather surprised for a moment. Then he said:

"Oh—well, I'm glad your firm has sent someone to meet us, but we understood that Mr. Mercer—whom we have dealt with before—was to have come?"

"Ah, poor Mercer—yes. He died in the night, you see, and——"

"Died in the night! Lorblessmysoul, did he, now?" gasped the other. "Very sudden, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, fairly so. But we're all pretty quick movers at Messrs.—er—at our firm. Do everything—even dying—smartly. I think you'll find me quite an efficient substitute for Mercer."

The gentleman bowed.

"I have no doubt of that. Let me introduce myself, Mr.—Mr.——?"

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"Bluffington," responded Dimmock promptly.

"Thank you. My name is Parkin. Mr. Bluffington—Mrs. Parkin."

Dimmock bowed, and the lady returned his salute.

"This is a very fine collection, I understand, Mr. Bluffington," said the latter.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," replied our friend patronisingly. "The old coc—gentleman—has picked up some pretty decent kickshaws in various parts of the world. We shall very soon see what they're worth. I'll put a price on everything as soon as my eye lights on it!"

"I suppose you have a large experience of this kind of work, Mr. Bluffington?"

"Should think I had!" answered Dimmock, whose knowledge of curios and china was the very slightest in the world. "Why, when the King wants any choice article of *vertu,* he loses no time in consulting me!"

Which words were literally true. The King certainly lost no time in ever consulting Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

The couple were duly impressed, and presently Mr. Parkin ventured to say:

"I suppose your firm does a large trade in this kind of thing?"

"Oh, tremendous. Our firm ('wonder what the blazes firm it is?' quoth Mr. Dimmock to himself)—our firm is quite at the top of the tree. Christie & Manson's trade is really nothing like ours."

"Indeed! Why, what a modest young man poor Mr. Mercer must have been! He never gave me the least hint that Deely & Hammerton were such important ——"

"Ah," interrupted Dimmock glibly, "Mercer's a bit of an ass, you know. He'll be coming down by a later train to-day, and then ——"

"I thought you said he died in the night?" cried Mr. Parkin, in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Yes, that's his brother. They're both in the firm, you know," said Dimmock, adroitly recovering his slip. "Yes," he went on, with that dangerous tendency he had to "embroider" and generally "spread himself" when he found a "true believer," "I expect we shall have trouble in the firm over this affair of Mercer's. The surviving Mercer—Horatio Nelson Arthur Wellesley Mercer—is a great advocate for the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, and he fully intends to marry the other Mercer's—Buonaparte Plantagenet Bugg Mercer's—deceased wife, although he—H. N. A. W. Mercer—is himself a married man. It's an unfortunate state of the law this, isn't it?"

"Very," gasped the other, struggling vainly, and with aching head, to follow and make any sense of the wild farrago so glibly spun out by Mr. Dimmock, whose solemn eyes never even twinkled during the process.

Mr. Parkin thought hard for a minute or more, and then began slowly: "Er—but if—er—Horatio Bugg Mer—I mean Plantag—er—Horatio Mercer's wife's sister is deceased ——"

"Deceased wife's sister," corrected Mr. Dimmock.

"The Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill——"

"Not Bill—Buonaparte," interrupted Dimmock again.

Mr. Parkin gave it up. With a gentle sigh he betook himself to a perusal of the money article in the *Times*, and spoke no more until the train pulled up at Watbury Station, where they were to alight.

They hired a fly, and, after a ten minutes' drive, were deposited at the door of Mr. Ebenezer Lindum's residence.

That gentleman was about to give up housekeeping, sell his Lares and Penates—privately, if possible, as by that means he hoped to obtain higher prices—and travel abroad for some considerable time.

He was a very rich man—a fact which only seemed to make him all the more grasping for money. All this Mr. Dimmock knew well by common report, although he had never yet met the man in the flesh.

"A difficult person to deal with, Mr. Lindum," whispered Dimmock to the couple he was conducting as they ascended the front steps. "Perhaps I had better interview him alone before you see him. I may induce him to take more reasonable prices than he would accept from you."

The Parkins assenting to this, they were shown into the library, whilst Mr. Dimmock, piloted by the butler, was ushered into the presence of the owner of the house.

Dimmock having introduced himself as the agent of Deely & Hammerton, Mr. Lindum's crafty eyes were quickly fixed on his visitor's face, and he said:

"You must put a good price on my treasures, Mr. Bluffington—a good price, sir! I tell you what I'll do"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'll make it all square with you afterwards, you know, if you'll—if you'll stretch a point in my favour—price the things rather higher than they're worth. I'll give you—ah—um—yes, I'll give you a

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sovereign for yourself, over and above what the real commission may be."

"Sir, your generosity overpowers me," replied Mr. Dimmock, without the least suspicion of sarcasm in his tone. And Mr. Lindum rubbed his skinny hands, and fondly imagined that he was already in a fair way to over-reach the prospective buyers then waiting in the library.

"But I had better do all the bargaining, sir?" said Dimmock, with a note of interrogation in his voice.

"Not unless I'm present," promptly responded the other. Mr. Lindum would not have trusted his own son—had he had one—where his pocket was concerned.

"H'm, that's rather awkward, though, isn't it?" rejoined "Mr. Bluffington" doubtfully. "You see, if you are present you'll have to do the bargaining yourself."

"No, I won't. You professional gentlemen can always screw a bit more out of buyers than anyone else. He, he, he!" grinned the old miser.

"Ha! I've an idea!" exclaimed Mr. Dimmock. "You *can* be present, and by shamming to be deaf and dumb, avoid taking any part in the actual negotiations. How does that strike you?"

"Splendid!" cried the old man greedily. "I suppose you're a really good judge of Satsuma, old china, Chippendale, Buhl——"

"Oh, of everything, sir," cut in Dimmock, with an airy wave of the hand. "I can correctly value anything, from a second-hand alligator to a railway assistant. But you must leave yourself entirely in my hands."

"Very well. But mind you, young man, I expect you to *earn* that sovereign I've promised you. 'Guineas don't grow on gooseberry bushes,' you know," and the miser wagged his lean head sapiently as he spoke.

And, by way of reply, Mr. Dimmock laid one finger alongside his aristocratic nose, as though to assure the old man that he was quite alive to the advantages to be gained by "besting" the unsuspecting purchaser wherever feasible.

It was agreed between them that the drawing-room should be first exploited. That apartment was beautifully furnished with Chippendale, whilst within the inlaid cabinets reposed some rare old china and specimens of Japanese art.

Mr. Ebenezer Lindum at once betook himself to this room, whilst the sham valuer sought out Mr. and Mrs. Parkin, and personally conducted them to meet the owner of the house.

"Rather awkward," murmured Mr. Dimmock. "Mr. Lindum is deaf and dumb, so we shall have to conduct the buying and selling without his intervention. I ought to have warned you of this, coming down in the train, but I quite forgot it. However, I have had previous dealings with him, and can always understand what he means."

A moment later they were all assembled in the drawing-room, and after a brief introduction by Dimmock of the "high contracting parties" he began the proceedings by saying:

"Everything you see here is for sale, Mr. Parkin. What do you fancy? Now, this pair of Satsuma vases—what do you think of them?"

Mr. Parkin examined the articles in question with a critical eye, whilst Ebenezer silently rubbed his hands and waited greedily for the naming of the price.

"I think they are very fine specimens,' began Mr. Parkin, with the cautious reserve of the would-be purchaser, "but all depends on the pri——"

"One and fourpence the pair," broke in Dimmock with an authoritative wave of the hand. "Shall I book them to you at that?"

If Mr Parkin stared in astonishment at this announcement, it may fairly be said that the luckless owner of the vases nearly choked with fiery indignation. He glowered at "Mr. Bluffington," but that gentleman nodded to him blandly, feeling quite secure in the knowledge that he had effectively muzzled Mr. Ebenezer by the "deaf and dumb" trick.

"Oh, by all means put them down to me," said Mr. Parkin eagerly.

"Certainly," and Mr. Dimmock promptly produced a piece of stamp paper, pencilled "Sold, one and four," on it, and, despite Mr. Lindum's furious looks, wetted it, and stuck it on one of the Satsuma vases. He was about to turn his attention to some priceless old china when Ebenezer seized a pencil and wrote some words—quite unfit for publication, I regret to say—on a scrap of paper, and thrust it into Dimmock's face.

The latter cast his eye over the message, and turning to the Parkins, said:

"Dear, good old fellow that he is! Says he's afraid you're giving too much for those vases. But you're satisfied, aren't you?"

"Perfectly, perfectly!" exclaimed Mr. Parkin hastily. "I trust that there are many more such bargains to be obtained to-day."

"Oh, plenty," rejoined Dimmock cheerfully, whilst Ebenezer could hardly restrain himself from resorting to personal violence.

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But once having professed to be deaf and dumb, he did not dare speak, or he would have stood confessed as an impostor.

"Do you like this china bowl?" continued Mr. Dimmock. "It has a great historic value as being the identical one in which Confucius washed his face on the only two occasions when he was ever known to have stooped to such trifling. Now, that would be very cheap at a hundred pounds, eh?"

Mr. Lindum suddenly recovered his lost temper, and almost betrayed himself by silently rubbing his hands together in satisfaction. This, he thought, would bring him compensation for the "giving away" of the Satsuma vases.

Mr. Parkin shook his head decisively.

Mr. Dimmock again stuck a piece of stamp-paper bearing the legend "sold" on the article just disposed of, and proceeded to the next thing that caught his roving eye.

"This beautiful little Buhl cabinet, now. Our excellent host, who was always a great speculator"—here Ebenezer turned his eyes up in sheer amazement at his visitor's glib lying—"bought it after making a great deal of money as a Buhl—beg pardon, Bull, I mean—of railway stock. He gave eight hundred pounds for it—but, to-day, you can have it at half that sum."

"Why at half?" asked Parkin, somewhat suspiciously.

"Er—oh, why—because, you see, he has had a considerable amount of wear out of

The "deaf and dumb" man almost danced round the room in his impotent rage.

"Quite beyond my price, Mr. Bluffington," he said. "Such a sum as a hundred pounds——"

"Make it twenty, and the little bowl is yours," cut in Mr. Bluffington, politely.

But still Mr. Parkin shook his head, astonished though he was at this very sudden drop in price.

"Thank you, no. Show me something more within range of a moderate purse, and——"

"Do not let slip this chance of securing an interesting memento of the late Confucius, Mr. Parkin, I beg. A fiver down, and——"

"Oh, certainly—yes, I'll give that willingly," said the latter. And the "deaf and dumb" man almost danced round the room in his impotent rage.

it. Not a purchaser? Ah, well, I'm sorry. At two hundred pounds——"

"You said four hundred just now."

"Did I? Only my way of putting it, you know. Twice two are four, and then, if you divide the original cost—eight hundred—by two, that brings it to four again, and there you have it—four hundred pounds, as I said at first, only you *would* have it your own way. However, don't apologise. I quite see how you came to make the mistake, though it's rather a stupid one on your part, isn't it?"

"I don't care about the cabinet, thank you. Are there any more pieces of china that you can take a small price for? Now, there, in that corner, I see a lovely piece of Worcester, which I should like."

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"Three-and-sixpence, and it's yours," responded Dimmock, with cheerful alacrity. "Like to take it away with you, or shall I send it round in the morning?"

But here an apparent miracle was worked, for the dumb spake! Unable even for a single instant longer to control his overwrought feelings, Ebenezer Lindum, casting prudence to the winds, burst forth in a veritable tornado of wrath and fury.

"No, sir!" he spluttered out. "No, sir, you will *not* 'take it away with you,' nor will you have it 'sent round in the morning.' Perhaps, sir," he went on, witheringly, "you and your client would like to buy my gold fish pond, and have *that* 'sent round in the morning!' Perhaps, sir,

Mr. Ebenezer Lindum was so completely taken aback by the cool impudence of this address, that he sank on to a sofa and gasped like a fish out of water.

you'd like to buy my ten acre field, and have *that* 'sent round in the morning!' Would you like to take the whole house for, say, fifteen and sixpence—that seems to be in proportion to the prices you are coolly putting on all my other goods and chattels—and have *that* 'sent round in the morning!' Listen to me, you rascal. You are a villain, a scoundrel, sir, and I shall take steps to have you prosecuted for this day's work."

And the miser, who, in trying to over-reach others, had been so completely tricked himself, fumed up and down the room in his furious rage.

Mr. and Mrs. Parkin, though greatly agitated by this outburst, stood

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mute and staring in wonderment. What were they to think of this startling ebullition on the part of a man they had supposed to be deaf and dumb?

Alone of the party Dimmock stood unmoved, his solemn eyes calmly following Ebenezer's agitated movements. After a brief pause he spoke:

"I am afraid, Mr. Parkin, that we have very nearly been made the victims of a singularly heartless and fraudulent scheme on the part of this person," pointing to the wretched Lindum. "He has tried to excite our pity and enlist our sympathies by pretending to be deaf and dumb."

Mr. Dimmock made an impressive pause and then continued.

"Now that we have witnessed the unmasking of that gross imposture, I should really not be surprised to find that all these articles of *vertu* are as worthless as their owner. Those Satsuma vases, for which you were willing to pay the sum of one and fourpence, may be, and very likely are, cunningly contrived imitations of the real thing, and positively valueless.

"That china bowl—I daresay that Confucius never *did* wash his face in it, after all. But this unscrupulous person would have ruthlessly taken your five pounds all the same. And that piece of Worcester—three-and-six would probably have been far too much for such an article. But would this—this bald-headed miscreant—I strive to use the language of moderation—would he have hesitated to take your money? Oh, dear, no!"

Then, turning his glance full upon Ebenezer, he added reproachfully:

"It is more, sir; in sorrow than in anger that I address you. You have either endeavoured to obtain money improperly from this gentleman, or else you have been guilty of what I, in my plain-dealing way, think quite as reprehensible—that is, trying to play a practical joke. Nothing, let me tell you, Mr. Lindum, could be in worse taste. I have seen as much of practical joking as most men, and if this be indeed a joke of that nature, let me tell you plainly, sir, that it is a very sorry one, and that I blush for you!"

And Mr. Ebenezer Lindum was so completely taken aback by the cool impudence of this address that he sank on to a sofa and gasped like a fish out of water.

For a few moments a chill silence fell upon the party; then a servant entered the room and announced:

"Mr. Mercer, sir," and Messrs. Deely & Hammerton's clerk walked in.

Dimmock nodded to him familiarly, and then, turning to Mr. Parkin, observed, *sotto voce*:

"I told you he'd be down by the next train."

"But this is——"

"No, this is not the one that died in the night; it's the other fellow, you know, Buonaparte Plantagenet Bugg Mercer, the cousin."

"Cousin? I thought you said brother——"

"Yes—well, not exactly brother; brother-in-law, I meant——"

"But they are both of the same name—" began the mystified Parkin.

"Well, my dear sir, you don't suppose that two men mayn't share a name between them, do you? Name of Mercer's quite an ordinary one, I assure you."

"Yes, but——"

"Well, now I must leave you," interrupted Dimmock, and then in a whisper, he added: "A rule of our firm, you know. They never allow two of their *employés* to do one man's work. Oh, they're very smart, Deely & Co. I shall leave you in Mercer's hands; but really, after this disgraceful *exposé* of the deaf and dumb fraud, I shouldn't have anything to do with old Lindum. However, I leave you to settle all that with Mercer. Mercer's a very good fellow, a very good fellow—only one weakness, you know—the solitary flaw in an otherwise perfect character—you mustn't believe a word he says, that's all.

"Picture to yourself," he went on, warming up to a final burst of eloquence, "a man who is a dyer of lamb's wool—a lamb dyer—well, Mercer is a—just the reverse of that!"

And, snatching up his hat, Mr. Dimmock had vanished from the scene before the mystified Parkin had recovered either his breath or his astonishment.

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LITTLE WATER SPRITES

An Article, particularly dealing with juvenile for the Children, Joys at the Sea-Side.

By A. S. M.

Photos by Sheaf. Hutchinson.

The wonderful day arrives at last!

It's simply delightful. The train goes at about twelve o'clock, so you get up between five and six in order to be in good time. This is always done; though there is a horrible story about a little girl who overslept herself on the day she was to have gone to the sea-side, and so caused the whole family to miss the train—but we won't go into that, it's too melancholy.

Well, of course you don't eat any breakfast. No one could possibly eat breakfast on a morning such as this. No; you rush wildly about the house, getting in everybody's way, collecting the few treasures which you cannot possibly leave behind, and, in between whiles, gazing anxiously out of the window for that cab which will *not* come. But it does come at last—really; and in you all get and off you go.

By-the-by, I'm told that it's an excellent plan to have a good look at yourself in the looking-glass just before you start, and to have a look at your legs, too, because you won't see that pink and white face, or those white legs, again for ever so long. When you come back your face will be more like one of those little brown apples with burnt red cheeks than anything else I can think of; and as for your legs—well, just wait and see.

A water sprite indulges in contemplation of the seascape.

And, oh, for goodness sake don't forget to take with you a pair of old, last year's sand shoes—shoes that you can wear in the water, I mean. You can run over stones or anything then, whereas, if you've only your naked feet, it's often very painful.

Of course, I know how delicious it is to feel the wet sand squishing up between your toes, but just ask someone about that story of the little boy between whose toes a piece of glass squished as well as the sand. He spent the remainder of his holidays in one of those deck-chairs, which wasn't in the least what he had intended. *He* never forgets to take a pair of old shoes now, I can assure you.

I read somewhere the other day that there can be no doubt but that the sea-side—that is to say, the sands—was made specially for children. It is a pretty idea, and, I think, a true one. For, after all, who make any use—any real use of the sands except yourselves?

Parents? Most assuredly not. Parents always seem to think that the sands were made solely and wholly for the purpose of sleeping upon. Have you ever noticed the number of middle-aged people who lie about asleep at every

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A shrimping trio.

sea-side resort? Count them any day this summer and you'll be horrified.

But this reminds me that I know of at least one middle-aged parent who will never again go to sleep on the sands—never, and it is because of the horrible fate which overtook him last year. You might like to hear about it (and make your grown-up relations read it, don't forget that).

It was at a very crowded watering-place on the Sussex coast. There was a family of children of my acquaintance staying there—they were Irish, and wild wasn't the word for them. Their landlady called them—but no, perhaps I'd better go on with the story.

Well, one very hot day the sands were so crowded with diggers—and where there were no diggers there were sleepers, which is much worse — that they could not find a suitable spot in which to carry out their own excavations. They drove away one set of children, but the outcasts returned with an immense muster, who speedily put the invaders to flight; and then, at last, they remembered a beautiful secluded spot beyond the rocks which was very seldom occupied, and thither they dragged themselves, very hot, very tired, and very angry.

"I do hope there won't be anyone asleep there," said Rhona.

"If there is," said Dugald—"if there is, we'll bury him."

Well, there was, and they did.

He was a very fat man, and he was lying on his back, so the job was a hard one. But they stuck to it and covered him to an incredible thickness, all except his face, so that when, just as they were finishing, he awoke, he couldn't move; which, if you think of it, was an uncommonly lucky thing for his buriers. They sat around him in a solemn circle until his rage became too awful. Then

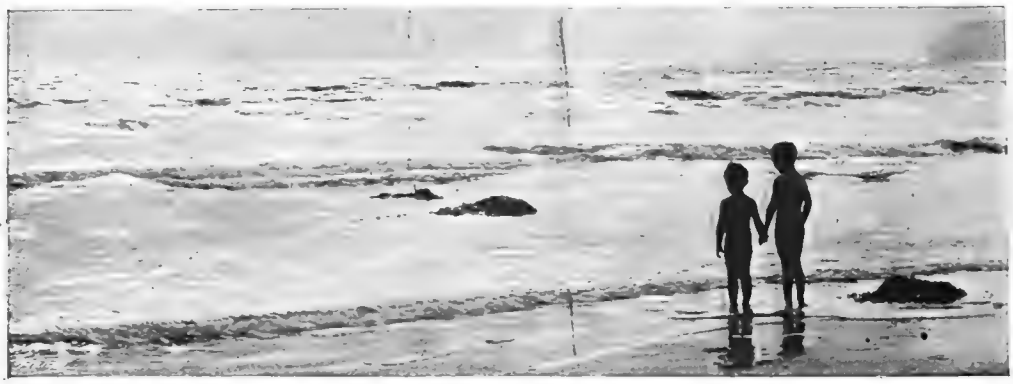

Photo by Sheaf.

Dare we venture?

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they fled. It was a quiet spot, and, for all I know, he is there now (you might look if you go to Sussex), but it is quite certain that if he did get away he will never sleep on the sands again—never.

But I was saying: Who makes any real use of the sands except yourselves? Parents we have disposed of—they sleep. What about the grown-up brothers and sisters?

Well, their movements are a mystery. They don't come and enjoy the sands, that is quite certain. What do they do? They go off in (mixed) couples directly after each meal, and never appear again until the next, when your brother comes in late and not a bit hungry; doesn't seem to enjoy his food, seems to be thinking of something else all the time. It is something absolutely interesting, there's no doubt about that. I wonder if you heard that horrible story about the brother who was persuaded to take his little sister in a "trailer" whilst he went for a bicycle ride with a girl staying in the same house? It happened (I think) at Felixstowe, and really I hardly like to repeat it. They had proceeded about two miles, the brother and the girl talking very earnestly all the time, when suddenly the "trailer" became unhitched. Neither of them noticed it, they just rode on whilst the little girl sat in the "trailer" and cried. About three hours later the two riders reappeared—still talking. When the brother saw his little sister all he said was: "Hullo, have you pulled the 'trailer' right out here? I'll tow you home if you like."

Photo by Sheaf.

She wonders why she can't see the steamers.

Photo by C. Cozens.

A young lady who is fat and five.

Photo by Sheaf.

A youthful Holbein.

No, no; the sea-side for the children, and the children for the sea-side. It's a very good plan, if it can be managed, to arrive at the sea-side at night. Then you wake up fresh in the morning, and see—and see—well, come along, and I'll show you.

The very first thing to be done is to make someone take you to a toy-shop and buy you those buckets and spades. It is not likely that you will have kept the old ones from last summer. Only the Very Best children do that, and they (I hear) are getting scarcer and scarcer every year.

Now, I know perfectly well that your great ambition is to have an *iron* spade; but, as a matter of fact, the wooden spades are much better. All the best diggers use them. The

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Photo by J. Coster.

It seems a pity that such a marvellous fairy castle as this should be washed away by the next tide, doesn't it?

iron spades, as soon as you try to raise an extra large lump of sand, bend backwards, and are useless for evermore. All iron spades do this. I don't know why, but they do. Ask anyone. Another trick they have is to lie edgeways on the sand for you to step on or kneel on. I don't know why they do this, but they do. Ask anyone. So see that you get a wooden spade.

Having procured these invaluable necessaries, you will now be conducted to the sands, all dotted over with other children, your shoes and stockings will be taken off, and you will be turned loose.

First, however, you will have an immense pair of waterproof paddling-knickers fitted on to you. If you are a little girl, all your skirts will be packed into this and firmly tied down, giving you the appearance of an exceedingly large humming-top—all bulging out in the middle and very thin at each end. It's a little bit uncomfortable at first, but in time you grow so fond of it that you can't bear to have it taken down.

In fact, I heard (I don't know whether it is true or not) that there was a little girl last summer who tried to insist on going to *bed* in her humming-top shape. How she imagined she was going to sleep while raised up on that hump, I don't know. But she stamped her foot and said she *would* go to bed as she was—and what happened after that isn't very interesting; but it only shows how quickly one grows to like a thing.

Well, the only fault that is ever found with these days by the sea is that they aren't half long enough. Your father may say he is worked to death when he's in town, but it's *nothing* to all you have to get through whilst you're down here——.

Commence after breakfast. There's bathing. (Have you ever thought what a funny thing it is that you dare to go out much farther when you're only paddling than when you're actually in your bathing-suit? It's that ducking that does it. It's all very well for grown-up nurses and people to stand on the shore and tell you that you'll catch cold, or sunstroke, or something, if you don't duck—they're not in the water with waves taking their breath away every two seconds—you are. But, as a matter of fact, all the best bathers duck, and it isn't half bad fun after the first time.)

Well, then, after you've bathed there are the singers and the niggers (they put it on with burnt cork) to go and hear. You all sit around on the hot sand, and join in

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Photo by Sheaf. A happy party on the breakwater.

the chorus—it's splendid fun. And then, immediately the niggers have finished, you rush off and commence to dig. You've hardly even planned your castle, however, when you are called in to dinner. It *is* annoying, I know. But, after all, it's *dinner,* and you do get hungry down by the sea.

Immediately after dinner you have to rush off again, and—if the tide is low—do some shrimping (for goodness' sake, look out for the crabs). It's splendid fun, and the shrimps enjoy it, too. I heard of a little boy once, by the way, who really did catch a shrimp on one such occasion. The excitement was so tremendous that the shrimp escaped. But, still, he *did* catch it. In after life he became a bishop, and really this was only to be expected —everyone knew he had a big future before him.

Well, when you grow tired of shrimping, there is your donkey-ride to have. I really think the donkey rides are the best fun of all (for goodness sake, little girls, undo that humming-top thing before you get on, or you'll fall off for certain). You'll find it frightfully hard work to make the donkey go from where you hire him, but he simply *flies* back, and you bump about like a tennis-ball—it's delicious. It has always seemed to me such a pity that the donkeys don't have a home at both ends of the sands, so that they'd always be going home, and so would always gallop.

By now, it's probably between four and five, so there's tea to have. Much the best fun is to have it out on the sands. The sand gets into everything and it's simply delicious. There's a peculiar flavour about jam eaten on the beach that it never seems to have anywhere else. I suppose it's the sand.

Immediately after tea—if the tide is coming in—the great thing to do is to get as many friends as you can to help you and proceed to build an *enormous* fort to keep the sea out. Make the walls of wet sand because it sets as hard as bricks, and make them frightfully thick and high—thick enough to walk on, and so high that you can hardly see over the top. Soon, the first thin little wave runs up and just touches the fort, the next gets a little further, and the next is bigger, and the next is stronger, and so on until there is water all round the walls and until one huge wave comes *splash ! wop !* into the fort—fly !

Well, all this shows how busy you are, doesn't

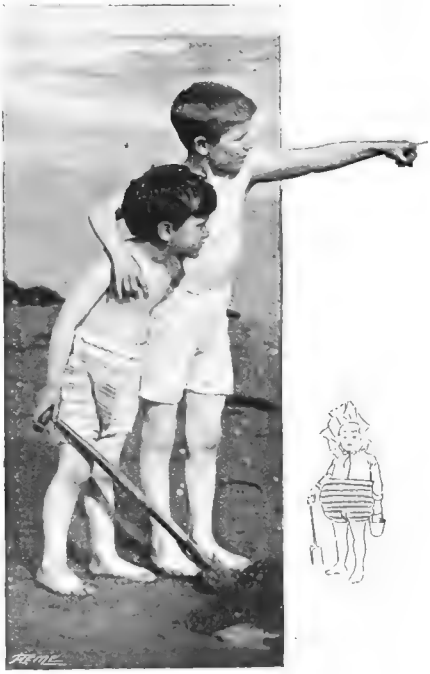

Photo by Sheaf

A sail! A sail!

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Photo by Sheaf.

The break-water walkers.

it? Bathing, niggers, digging, dinner, shrimping, donkeys, tea, forts, and even then we haven't *mentioned* the man who draws magnificent pictures on the sand with a fork (for goodness' sake don't walk over them, it makes him so frightfully annoyed) —or the old fisherman who sits on the lobster-pots and has had the most wonderful adventures *you* ever heard of. A little boy I know once met one of these fishermen who said he had known Robinson Crusoe *intimately*—but I never quite know whether to believe that or not.

Photo by Sheaf.

If laughter weighs anything, this is a heavy load.

And now it's evening. And the shadows are coming out from under the rocks and cliffs where they sleep and are creeping further and further across the sand. And the sand turns from yellow to grey. And you (although you won't confess it) do feel the wee-est bit sleepy, so they take you home and give you some supper, and you climb up to bed and sleep like a top and wake the next morning to do the same things, and the next, and the next, and the next.

There now! I've got you all off to bed, and yet I find that, after all, I have forgotten something. One of the most extraordinary properties of the seaside air is the amount of forgetfulness it causes. Little girls, who in London are the smartest of the smart, forget to have their hair done, forget to tie up tapes, forget everything except that always and always they must be off down to the shore; and as for the little boys, they become simply hopeless. Imagine, for instance, forgetting to do the tiniest scrap of lessons every day just so you sha'n't lose everything you ever learnt.

You'd think it was impossible to forget a thing like that, but it is done year after year at every watering place in Great Britain. As I said, it's the sea air that does it. and merely writing about the sea has had the same effect on me; only just in time have I remembered a most important thing—landladies.

Seaside landladies are most peculiar people; they're always surpising one so. Contrast, for instance, the day on which you arrive, with the day, the horrible day, on which you depart.

You drive up to her house, and there she is—all smiles and kindness. She calls you a little dear, and she seems to positively enjoy seeing you convert the drawing-room carpet

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Photo by Sheaf. The greatest delight of the sea-side is a splash through the spray——

into a kind of miniature beach with sand, and seaweed, and shells. You think she's the kindest person in the world! and so she is, only she is so frightfully changeable.

The very next day you fill the bottom of the umbrella stand with sea water and put in two of the dearest little crabs; then, remembering how interested she was in your dressing-room collection on the first day, you run and tell her about this new delight. She's not pleased in the least. She gets the tongs and hooks out the crabs, and throws them into the street. Then she rushes upstairs and tells your mother her ideas on the subject—such funny ideas.

It gets worse and worse every day. Why, I heard of a landlady who objected to having little eels kept in the vases on her mantelpiece; and of another who made quite a fuss because someone pressed seaweed underneath his mattress. You've got something to boast of, I can assure you, if your landlady stands smiling on the steps, and still calls you a dear, as you drive off to the station. For goodness sake don't annoy your landlady. It's worse than if it rains all the time.

Well, I've talked such a long time that I'm quite out of breath. Of course there's any amount more to say. I'd tell you, if I hadn't told you so much already, all about boating and sailing and learning how to swim —and all sorts of things that both of us enjoy.

Photo by Sheaf. —— and then a gallop over the sands to get your feet dry again.

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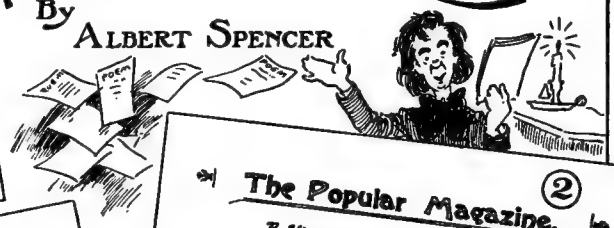
A TRUTHFUL LYRE

By ALBERT SPENCER



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MAGAZINE.

In addition to the attractions already mentioned we hope to make high-class poetry a feature of special interest in our new volume. We are aware that "Magazine poetry" has become a term of reproach. It will continue such while editors affect jingling shyness of the "light and pretty" order, written to order. In lieu of such mercricious productions we shall seek for lyrics which are the outcome of deep and genuine emotion, unsoiled by taint of lucre. We trust to prove to our numerous readers that true poetry, inspired by true feeling, is not yet extinct in these isles.

Besides these novelties, the old-established features of the Magazine, such as the Mothers' Correspondence Column, Tabitha's Table Talk, and the Little Lambs' League, will be continued, and a Competition of a new kind will shortly be announced.

(2)

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Dear Mr. Rimer,

As you will see from our Notice to Readers we are anxious to make genuine poetry a special feature of the new volume. Can you let us have a short and sincere poem by the 6th., for the March No. ?

Yours faithfully,

A Smudge.

Quetus Rimer, Esq.,
103, The Mews, S.W.

(3)

103 The Mews
S.W.
5. 2. 03

Dear Sir,

It is a red-letter day in the annals of literature when you unlock the poet's store, & allow him to pour out the golden treasures of his heart. I have great pleasure in enclosing a poem upon the subject of love, & can guarantee its absolute sincerity in every particular.

Yours faithfully,

A Rimer.

P.S. I presume the terms will be somewhat higher than for ordinary verse

A.R.

A. Smudge Esq.

(4)

TO CLARICE

I gaze into your pale blue eyes,
O Clarice sweet, O Clarice fair!
And dream I see the summer skies,
The sunbeams on your golden hair,
The blushing roses, could they speak,
(Alas! that roses never do!)
Would own the flush upon your cheek
A rival to their pale pink hue.
Your voice outsings the song of birds,
Like larks that trill so pure and clear
There's music in your laughing words,
O Clarice sweet, O Clarice dear!
From London all the way to Paris
There's not a maid so fair as Clarice
103, The Mews, S.W. 7-2-

(5)

103 The Mews
S.W.
7. 2. 03

Dear Sir,

Upon reflection I have decided that my little poem would more accurately represent my feelings if it were slightly amended as in the enclosed copy.

Yours faithfully,

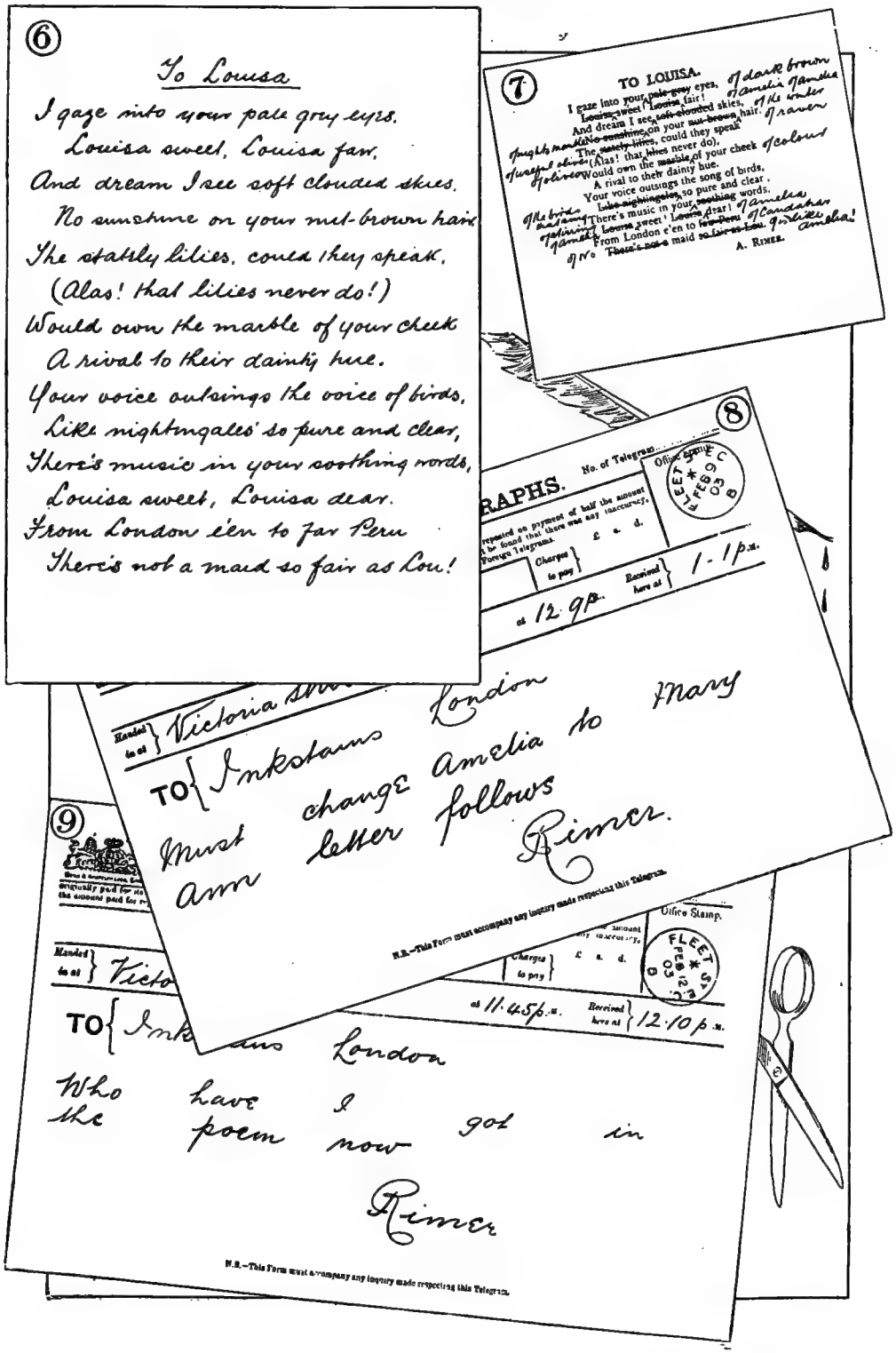
A. Rimer

P.S. In fixing the honorarium you will no doubt remember the exhausting nature of emotional poetry

A.R.

A. Smudge Esq.

Google


6
To Louisa
I gaze into your pale grey eyes,
Louisa sweet, Louisa fair,
And dream I see soft clouded skies,
No sunshine on your nut-brown hair.
The stately lilies, could they speak,
(Alas! that lilies never do!)
Would own the marble of your cheek
A rival to their dainty hue.
Your voice outsings the voice of birds,
Like nightingales' so pure and clear,
There's music in your soothing words,
Louisa sweet, Louisa dear.
From London e'en to far Peru
There's not a maid so fair as Lou!
7
TO LOUISA.
A. Rimer.
8
RAPHS.
No. of Telegram
Office Stamp
Victoria
Inkstains London
must change Amelia to Mary
arr letter follows
Rimer.
9
Office Stamp
Who have I got in the poem now
Rimer

10
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.
(Inland Telegrams.)
No. of Telegram
For Postage Stamps.
A.
Code
Office of Origin and Service Instructions
Words
Charge
Sent
At
To
By
NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.
12 words, 6D. Every additional word, 1/2D.
TO { Rimer, 103 The mews, S.W.
mary ann Keep her there
FROM { Smudge
The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form
11
Office Stamp
FLEET ST E.C.
FEB 12
03
B
TO { Inkstains London
Poem applies exclusively to Mabel
only slight alterations in Mary
Ann
Rimer
Charges to pay
Received here at 4 3p m.
N.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry made respecting this Telegram.
12
A.
Code
Office of Origin and Service Instructions
Charge
NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.
12 words, 6D. Every additional word, 1/2D.
TO { Rimer, 103 the mews, S W.
mary Ann has gone to
Apres already
FROM { Smudge
The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED.
13
The Poets' Corner.
TO MARY ANN.
I GAZE into your hazel eyes,
O Mary Ann! so sweet and fair!
And think I see the autumn skies,
The sunshine on your bronzed hair.
The blooming flowers, could they speak
(Alas! Alas! they never can),
Would rage with envy of your cheek,
O Mary Ann! O Mary Ann!
Your voice outsings the songs of birds—
They've stopped for hours since you began—
O maid of freely-flowing words!
O Mary Ann! O Mary Ann!
From here to China or Japan
No maid is like my Mary Ann
A. RIMER.

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AMAZONS AFLOAT

The River by the Boathouse.

When work is over for the day, the members of the Furnivall Sculling Club for Girls spend many healthful happy hours on Father Thames.

By J. A. Middleton.

There is no prettier sight than a crew of women in becoming boating costumes sculling in perfect time between the long, green banks of a river. Boating, like golf, cycling, and every other healthy outdoor sport, has found great favour in the eyes of the modern woman, for there is no healthier or more graceful pastime, and the present fashion of leaving London in the hot, stuffy summer months and emigrating to bungalow-land is one of the most sensible customs imaginable.

But bungalows are an expensive luxury, and riverside cottages are only for the few. A day on the river now and then is the most the average woman who works can hope for. When she is there let her make the best of it by learning how to manage a boat, for sculling is one of the best exercises a woman can have. It strengthens the muscles, braces up the nerves, invigorates the system, and chases away what our grandmothers were wont to call "the vapours."

As for punting, it is better than all the physical drill in the world, and, to take another point of view, a woman never looks to better advantage than when handling the punt-pole gracefully.

There is a great deal of bad sculling, too much of it, among the Amazons of the Thames, but every season the quality, as well as the quantity, seems to improve, while the entries for the ladies' races at the various regattas grow larger every summer.

To those who work all day long in crowded shops and noisome factories the fresh clear breezes of the river are an incalculable boon. The glimpses of country scenery, the whiffs of sweet-scented air as it blows over the meadows and hayfields, have an intensified charm for the London worker, who appreciates the contrast between the stifling streets and the cool willow-grown banks of Father Thames.

It was the realisation of the need of some good open-air exercise for the working-girl which prompted Dr. F. J. Furnivall to found the Hammersmith Girls' Sculling Club in 1896.

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The captain is cox—

The fee was fixed at 1s. 9d. per month, so as to enable members earning only moderate salaries to join. There was no club-house, so the members met, somewhat romantically, under a willow tree. The scheme prospered from the very beginning, and now Dr. Furnivall has the pleasure of seeing his thoughtful efforts on behalf of the working girls living in the vicinity of the river crowned with success.

The present club-house, 19, Lower Mall, Hammersmith, is very comfortable and commodious and quite suited to the requirements of the club, which now numbers seventy-five members.

Meetings and social gatherings are held in a large room on the first floor, which is well-furnished and contains a piano. On the walls hang portraits of Dr. Furnivall, Frederick Denison Maurice, Sir Walter Besant, the late Vice-President, and other prominent benefactors of the club.

Below, on the ground floor, is the scull-room, which is also used as a bicycle-house

—and when out in mid-stream is busy coaching.

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Training for the double sculling match.

Its racks contain a formidable array of sculls and there are often many bicycles, for the members are nearly all cyclists and enjoy a spin on the tow-path, besides using their machines as a substitute for the train or 'bus when riding down to the Mall.

The windows of the club-house overlook the river, and afford a fine view of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

Of course, Saturday afternoons and Sundays are the days most available for members, but many of them contrive to meet for practice during the week. The Sunday outings, which are a special feature, begin in April, and are continued throughout the season. Sometimes they consist of a garden party on some green sloping river-lawn, among the willows and pretty red May and rhododendrons; sometimes of a hay or orchard party, or an impromptu picnic on some far-away island. The members have many invitations, and both receive and dispense much hospitality.

Not one of the least admirable of the characteristics of the club is its unselfish kindness to little children, into whose joyless lives the excursions in the boats often carry bright gleams of happiness.

The general meeting held some while since agreed that the future name of the club should be "The Furnivall Sculling Club for Girls and Men," and that men should become regular instead of honorary members as heretofore, but in consideration of the original purpose of the club its captain should always be a girl, and the number of girls on the managing committee should always be one more than that of the men. This plan has been found to work admirably, as the following extract from the latest report shows.

"The girls always preside over the tea tables and do much to add to the sociability of the club in providing music, singing, and in other ways adding to the comfort of all.

"Thorough friendliness has prevailed between the sexes, and the presence of each has added to the gratification of the other."

The men-members also add to the brightness of the social gatherings, which are almost as much enjoyed by the members as the river trips. Sometimes these take the form of an impromptu dance, sometimes of a musical or dramatic entertainment. On winter evenings, when the river has lost its charm, and looks cold and dreary, the members meet in the cosy club-house and amuse themselves with music and games until closing time. This is one of the great advantages of keeping the club-house open the whole year round.

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A long pull and a strong pull.

The members can truly say:

"Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time."

The club choir, under the direction of Mr. Perry, contains many good voices, and the practising and singing of glees is one of the favourite recreations of the members.

The club-house has no regular dining-room, nor special provision for meals; but, as one of the members happily expressed it to the writer, "the men go out and buy things, and we stay at home and cook them."

There is a caretaker on the premises who boils water and assists in the cooking, and many a merry impromptu meal, after a long row, is served up and highly appreciated by the tired and hungry oarswomen.

Dr. Furnivall, who is held in the greatest esteem by the members, acts as chief financier to the club. He selects and buys the boats, pays the rent of the club-house, and takes an active and generous interest in all that concerns the welfare of the club.

They are also fortunate in their captain, Miss Julia Sutton, whose untiring efforts on behalf of the club have shown excellent results.

The continued usefulness and prosperity of the Furnivall Sculling Club prove that such an institution was much wanted, and as it is the only club of the kind, it possesses a peculiar interest. It has amply fulfilled its purpose in brightening the lives of its members, and Dr. Furnivall is to be congratulated upon the achievement of a complete success, and the perfect carrying out of a sensible and kindly scheme.

A lady at the helm.

Google

Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

THE COACH-AND-FOUR ADVENTURE.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

A further smuggling Escapade of Sir Nicholas Vyse, known to his Associates as Captain Contraband, and Josephine Willoughby, his Lady Confederate. This Yarn describes how they together fool the Sheriff, and succeed in carrying a vast Prize of Contraband to London under his very Nose.

Nick Vyse, king of the smugglers, was never content just to land forbidden cargo, to store it in some cave, and afterwards to dispose of his goods to honest merchants; it was the sport of the thing, and not the profit, which, to his thinking, gave a zest to smuggling, and for this reason he took many a risk that lesser men would have avoided.

Sometimes there were two ways of running his cargo, the one quite simple and free of danger, the other hazardous; and in these cases he chose always the more risky venture, especially if it had a touch of humour in it. And this trait in his character, as it chanced, all but led to his undoing in the matter of the coach-and-four adventure.

It was the custom of the St. Thanes smugglers, once their cargo was safely landed and concealed, to send it at their leisure to London, either by waggon—hidden under innocent loads of hay that brought a whiff of country honesty and sweetness to the dwellers in the City—or else in the carts which market-gardeners affect.

These latter were used only for the carrying of lighter stuff—lace, cigars of rare quality and price, and so forth—and the precious packages sat snugly under the covering of cabbages, broad beans, and lettuces. Nick Vyse had used these carts and waggons to good purpose during his career as a merchant of smuggled lace and Schnapps; but on a summer's day he bethought him of a likelier method, if one more hazardous.

The day in question—fresh and balmy, with a playful breeze from the sea—had brought Josephine Willoughby out of doors, and Sir Nicholas met her on the chalk cliffs.

"We've been quiet of late, Captain Josephine," he said, alluding to those escapades which the slim, bonnie lass had shared with him.

"And shall be quieter still," she pouted, with a shrug of petulant despair. "My father writes that I must go to London by the coach to-morrow."

"What, to stay for some time there?" put in the other, his merry face growing long as a fiddle.

"For ever, so it seems. You see, Sir Nicholas, I was exiled to St. Thanes here in order to grow wise—in order, that is, to learn how proper a gallant my cousin William is, and how good a husband he will make—and —and somehow the country has only taught me to hate cousin William more—and now I am to stay in town until I find my senses, as father puts it. And, you see, I shall never find my senses—and so——"

Nick Vyse had gripped her hands before she guessed his purpose.

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"Josephine, you have played long enough with me," he said, "and now you are going to marry me."

"Oh, but indeed, Sir Nicholas—I——"

Sir Nicholas was masterful, however, and would take none of the excuses with which she had evaded many a declaration of his love. To be sure, he had reason to be masterful, for her secret was plain to be read in the frightened, tender eyes she raised to his.

"Marry me, dear, and I'll see to these precious cousins, fathers, and what not," he said, with a low, buoyant laugh. "Say you will marry me as soon as I can get the license."

"Oh, not so soon—I could not——"

"Well, then, if I will give you time—say, a month ——"

"Three months at least. Oh, Nick, it must be three at least."

He made a wry grimace. "And you'll keep your word in three months' time?"

For answer her hands stole into his, quite naturally and snugly. "Dear," she whispered, "it is true that—that I love you, and—and, indeed, I'll keep my promise."

So Nick all unexpectedly had found his happiness this morning, and it was for this cause that he grew devil-may-care and light-hearted as a boy, and hatched the madcap plan which nearly brought him into the Sheriff's clutches. For, Josephine, in spite of the morning's avowal, insisted that for the present she must obey her father, must go to London in two days' time, and for a while at any rate must deal with Cousin William as best she could.

"What will happen when father knows about you, Nick, I cannot guess," she said. "If you ask him for my hand as Sir Nicholas Vyse, he will know you for an old friend of the Regent's, and he loathes the Regent and his ways. If you come as Captain Contraband, king of the smugglers, you'll be in no likelier case——"

"Perhaps I shall," Nick interrupted. "Yes, I think as king of the smugglers I can come boldly to your father."

But what he meant, and why he smiled so quietly, Josephine could not learn. Try as she would, with all a lass's tricks of coyness and persuasion, he would not explain his words; and so she had to rest content with his promise that things would go well with them when he asked her father for her hand.

"And now, sweet, you're going to town on Thursday by the coach," he said, when they stood at the cliff-edge to say good-bye.

"Yes, and—and somehow, Nick, I—I don't like going away from you. Oh, I am shameless to confess as much, but I'm afraid—for the first time in my life, I think."

"I'm coming with you."

"You—are coming with me?" she echoed.

"Just that. Listen, Josie. You know that for months past we've been storing lace in the cellars underneath your house. Well, there's too much of it, and the quality's too good to trust it to the usual carrier. Get every travelling-box you have, and fill them all—half with lace, and half with your own wearing-gear. Send it all to the White Hart Inn at Silverton to-morrow, in readiness for Thursday's coach."

"But, Nick, my boxes would fill all the body of the coach!"

"True; and the coach will be driven by myself. Gad, I think Sir Nicholas Vyse is well known enough as a whip to secure a driver's place on the London road! Think what a jest 'twill be, Josie—you will give out that you are returning with all your baggage to London to stay for an indefinite time; you have chartered all the inside of the coach for your luggage, and the seats beside the driver for yourself and your dowager."

Josephine laughed eagerly. The venture was one in keeping with the heedless devilry which had carried Nick and herself through many a wild night's storm and danger.

"My dowager does not accompany me," she said, with sudden demureness. "She stays, by my father's wish, to over-watch the servants while I am *coming to my senses*, dear, in London."

"So much the better. You take two seats, and your dowager is prevented by illness from accompanying you, and you and your driver have the front to themselves. Josie, we can be together all the way to town—and all the way we shall know that a few thousand guineas' worth of lace lies underneath us in the coach!"

"We'll do it!" cried the girl, holding out her hand in the old, frank way that had been the seal of many a smuggling bargain between them. "We'll do it, Nick, and you will book the seats and make arrangements, will you not?"

"No, you must send a servant over in the morning to the White Hart. Till we're safely married there must be no coupling of your name with mine. I am to drive the coach for a whim; you are to book the seats knowing nothing of Sir Nicholas Vyse or any of his cantrips."

"There's only one drawback to the

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scheme," laughed Josephine; "we shall meet with no dangers by the way—no Revenue cutters, no Gauger Ralph, no Sheriff's soldiery!"

"Oh, but we may!" cried Sir Nicholas gaily. "We'll hope for the best, Josie."

So they parted till late that evening, when Nick went to the caves beneath Vyse House, and carried the packages of lace, two by two, to the sliding panel, where Josephine waited to take them from his hands.

"You'll pack them safely?" he whispered, when the whole pile lay on the floor, high as Josephine's waist. "Good-bye, then, till Thursday. We'll have blooded cattle, Josephine, to take us up to town."

Nick carried the packages of lace, two by two, to the sliding panel, where Josephine waited to take them from his hands.

On the morrow, soon after midday, he rode across to the White Hart Inn, and found the landlord standing at the door, his coat off, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Lazy as the host was, however, he straightened himself as Nick approached, and bowed with genial gravity.

"Give you good day, Sir Nicholas; a morning of June, Sir Nicholas, and brighter for your presence. How can I serve you, sir? A stoup of claret, now——"

"Ay, a stoup of claret, John; and while I'm drinking it we can discuss my business. So!" he went on, as the landlord ushered him into a trim parlour, and set a brimming measure down before him. "Has this paid duty, John?"

"Tut, tut, Sir Nicholas. The quality must have their jest. Am I like to harbour smuggled goods?"

"As little likely as myself, eh? Still, by the taste of it, this claret never saw the King, as the saying is—or it would be sourer for the sight. That's by the way, though. What I want is to get to town, good host."

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The other glanced sideways at him, for Sir Nicholas was known and loved all up and down the London Road—known for his horsemanship, his courage, and his boy's glee in a frolic.

"What's in the wind?" asked John, in guarded fashion.

"Thistledown, to be sure, and I want to catch it. I'm always trying to catch thistledown, Jack; I was born that way. See, now, I have to go to London to-morrow morning, and I'm weary of sitting behind or beside the man who holds the ribbons; the fancy takes me, host, to drive the coach I go on."

"Certainly, Sir Nicholas; nothing easier; I have a coach here at your service——"

"Nay, 'twould be dull to drive an empty coach. It's the London coach I want to drive; d'ye know the driver well enough to persuade him to change hat and coat and wig with me?"

The landlord stroked his chin, and the smile broadened on his pippin-coloured face.

"The driver is Long Will of Stainbury," he said, "and I fancy he'd do aught for Sir Nicholas Vyse."

"Long Will, is it? Never say I haven't King's luck, Jack! Yes, we've shared a jest or two in times past, Will and I; tell him from me that I am going to drive his coach for him to-morrow, and he shall be a passenger for once."

"I will, sir; but you'll be crowded a bit, I fancy, on the journey."

Nick hid his face in the tankard awhile.

"How's that?" he asked, when he emerged.

"Well, there's the lady from Vyse House—you'll know her likely?"

"Indifferently well—yes. Tall, is she not, and slight? Yes, yes, I have met her once or twice."

"She is going back to live in London, judging from the pile of baggage that came over this morning, and she has booked two seats on the coach. Lordy, you should see the boxes, sir! They'll fill the whole inward parts of the coach, and so I told her manservant; and he said his orders were to pay for all the inside seats, as well as the two outside ones. Well, well, Miss Willoughby has the money—or her father has—and she can follow her whims, I suppose; but it seems a queer fancy to take a coach-full of dresses and what not by way of private baggage."

"It does," Sir Nicholas agreed; "but then she is young, so far as I remember, and maids are full of whims."

"Full as a gorse bush is of prickles, sir. You'll be taking another stoup of wine, or——"

"I've no leisure, Jack. Look for me at noon, and I'll drink to your good health. And remember that Long Will must give the reins to me." And Sir Nicholas rode off in his wonted slap-dash, heedless way.

At half after eleven or thereabouts on the next day Sir Nicholas came riding in again to the White Hart, stabled his nag there, and passed through the sunny garden into the inn parlour, where Jack, the host, was waiting with the promised flagon. Nick took a pull, then shook his head.

"No duty paid yet, Jack. As I'm a magistrate, I'll have this looked into. You've seen Long Will, I take it?"

"To be sure, sir. The coach starts from here, sir, as you know, and Will slept here and went to bed as mellow as his wont. I settled all with him—but there! You can ask him yourself, Sir Nicholas, for here he comes."

Long Will, a great red-headed rogue with a roving eye, stood in the doorway and touched his forelock.

"Well?" said Sir Nicholas.

"Oh, you're welcome," laughed Will. "I always did say there were only two whips between here and London—Long Will and Sir Nicholas Vyse. Proud to ride behind for once, sir."

"Well, then, shut the door, and off with your wig and the rest of it. Gad, though, you've got a—well, a *mellower* face than I, Will. They'll never mistake one for t'other."

"I've earned it, sir," said Will, with a tender glance towards the flagon.

Sir Nicholas, accepting the hint, nodded to the host to bring liquor, and meanwhile busied himself with the exchange of wearing-gear.

"You needn't heed the face, sir," suggested Will. "When we get to Belle Sauvage, in London, I'll just take the reins, and no one the wiser. As 'tis, you cut a likely figure, and they'll think the London coach has changed her driver—no more, no less."

Nick Vyse, for all that, was not content with the disguise of coat and wig and hat; he took a little box from his pocket, and turned to the mirror; the box was full of patches, such as were used by the highwaymen and fighters of the time to hide their bruises, and Nick, when he turned round again and showed his face to Long Will and the host, was changed completely by the

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addition of a long black patch above the right eyebrow, another running down his left cheek, and a third at the angle of his jaw.

"It calls old days to mind," chuckled Will. "D'ye remember, Sir Nicholas, how we held up the Duke's carriage?"

"Hush, man! Those were early days, before my reformation," put in Nick Vyse, with a droll grimace. "Now, if you're ready, Will, we'll be going to the coach; she's timed to start at noon?"

Will nodded, and began to look to the priming of two pistols which lay upon the table.

"What are you at?" asked Sir Nicholas. "We're to drive a peaceful trade this journey, Will."

"That's as may be, sir; but we've ways of knowing what the highwaymen are thinking of, and there'll be trouble between here and London, take my word for it. One of your fares to-day is filling the inside of the coach with her baggage, and a rumour of it has got about, and the gentry of the road mean to have a peep inside those boxes."

"Ay, and more," put in the landlord, taking a second pair of pistols and a supply of ammunition from the corner cupboard, and handing them to Nick. "'Tis the worst band of cut-throats, they say, that ever made the roads unsafe—the band that my lord Sheriff has been seeking for a week past."

"Ah, my lord Sheriff!" murmured Nick. "He has tried to take sundry rogues from time to time and always failed."

Nick Vyse was not content with the disguise of coat and wig and hat.

"True, as Captain Contraband would tell you if he were here; but even Captain Contraband may take his pitcher once too often to the well some day."

Sir Nicholas drained his flagon, and laughed his great boy's laugh. The humour of it tickled him, for he himself was Captain Contraband, and at this moment, had the landlord only known it, was engaged upon an enterprise which the Sheriff would have liked to know of. Sir Nicholas laughed, and laughed again as he buckled the pistols in his belt, and strode out into the courtyard of the tavern; yet the Sheriff was nearer than he thought, and much was to happen before the day was out.

A crowd of idlers stood round the waiting coach, with its mettlesome team of four; and they were peering with great interest into the body of the coach, where Josephine's baggage crammed every inch of space.

Yet not quite every inch, for a dog's face, hairy and alert, showed at the near window, and Sir Nicholas recognised Ponto, that old friend of Josephine's and his, and a smuggler from his puppyhood. Whenever one of the crowd came over-near the open window, Ponto would bare his teeth in a grim smile that carried persuasion with it, for Josephine, when she had set him atop the baggage a few moments since, had whispered "Contraband," and Ponto knew his duty.

Josephine herself, bright and fresh as the glad June morning, was waiting near the off-leader's head, and Nick came up to her and saluted with his whip.

"For London, madam?" he asked in a harsh voice.

Josephine looked doubtfully at him. "Yes, but—but are you the driver?" she stammered. "I thought——."

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"So my disguise holds good, even with the lass who has promised to marry me?" Nick whispered. "Josephine, have I not planned it well?"

Her doubts were merged in fear, now that she knew him for her lover—now that she saw the three ominous patches on cheek and brow and chin.

"Nick, Nick, you're hurt! What has happened?" she cried.

"Nothing at all, dear lass. It is just a part of the disguise."

"And you are well and whole, Nick—quite well?"

"As well as the sweetest maid in England can make me," he answered, well pleased by this solicitude of hers, new-found and insistent. "There, the idlers begin to wonder why we talk so long, and I must help you to your place."

He half-lifted her to her seat and clambered up to the driver's box beside her. Long Will had already seated himself most unostentatiously in the most rearward place, and all about the inn door were would-be passengers. As though born to the road, Sir Nicholas flourished his whip and ogled the prettier of the women-kind, and cried: "Who's for London? Who's for Belle Sauvage? A fair June day, and seventy miles of decent road. Who's for London?"

First one and then another of the women came and asked for seats inside; but Nick blandly told them that they could not sit on top of the baggage, and there was no other way of obliging them.

They grumbled, muttered that they dare not ride on the top, and went back into the tavern to wait for the next coach; so that, when at last Nick had gathered the reins into his hands, there were none but men behind himself and Josephine—a bishop, to wit, who did not like the loneliness of travelling by chaise; a buck of twenty who used strange oaths and wore a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and half-a-dozen nondescripts whose pallor was accounted for by the rumours of highwaymen—the rumours which were going up and down the town just now so briskly.

"Well, is it good, sweetheart?" Nick whispered, as they sped through the summer-hearted country, between the hedges heavy with wild rose and honeysuckle, through villages where the grass lay cool and trim upon the greens, past forges where the blacksmith dropped his hammer to watch the coach swing buoyant as a bird in answer to the willing team.

"Good? It is being alive, Nick. And we've enough lace beneath us to buy a village with; and nobody knows that I'm pledged to marry the driver; and—and I'm very much alive, dear."

Nick moved a little nearer to her and looked long and happily into her eager eyes. They were well-matched, he thought, for open air and open swift adventure were the two things needful to them both. Highwaymen and sheriffs were alike forgotten; the pompous merchant-father and dull cousin William, each waiting for the girl in London, did not occur to her; she and Nick were together, with a fiery team in front and dancing hedgerows and a merry wind flying past them on the right hand and the left.

Only Long Will, seated far behind them, thought of highwaymen; and when at last they reached the gloomy, uphill stretch of road that wound through the Westbury Wood, he eased both pistols, and grasped their butts with either hand. The wood was full of cypresses and firs, and was darksome even on this summer's day; but Nick Vyse did not seem to heed the gloom, and he was whispering some lover's folly to Josephine when they turned the corner known as Murder's Whynn. He looked up to see twelve men, masked and armed, who stretched across the road, and he gave a low whistle of surprise.

"We're in for it, my dear! Are you afraid?" he said.

But Josephine's eyes were brighter than before, and her laugh was scornful.

"You and I—have we not come through bigger dangers?" was all she said.

So Nick was sure that once again they would come through, and quite coolly he set about the framing of a plan. His first impulse, to rouse his team to a gallop and crash through the highwayman, was not to be considered; the horses were not so fresh as they had been—indeed, their post-house was not a league away, and already they were sniffing the hay and oats waiting them, and the hill, moreover, was especially steep and awkward at this gloomy Murder's Whynn.

The highwaymen were not a hundred yards in front, and there was little time for reflection, but Nick knew the road so well that every wayside nook was familiar almost as his own garden, and he remembered a chalk quarry, old and disused now, which flanked the right hand of the way some score yards further up the hill.

The quarry was in the form of a wide semicircle, with sheer, thirty-foot sides, that sloped a little outward as they rose; and it was the recollection of this vantage ground

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which made Nick laugh outright, to the horror of the passengers behind him. These, sufficiently alarmed already by the gentry of the road, at once assured themselves that the driver was in collusion; the bishop, not without some loss of dignity, slipped down the side of the slowly moving vehicle; the youthful buck lost his assurance suddenly and followed suit; and, before the twenty needful yards were covered, Nick and Josephine and Long Will were all that were left upon the roof.

The dozen scoundrels, seated motionless upon their nags, let all these smaller fry escape. Their business was with the lady's baggage, and they were certain of their spoil. To be sure, they were nonplussed a little when Nick shook his team into a sort of shuffling trot, and seemed to be advancing straight upon them; but still they waited, willing to fire at point blank range if necessary, and not disposed to waste their powder.

Yard by yard Nick mounted the hill towards them; then, with a deft handling of his horses, he turned into the narrow lane that led into the quarry, wheeled round as soon as he gained the wide semi-circle of the quarry, and brought the coach broadside on to the only place from which attack was possible.

"Lord Harry, it was neatly done," cried Long Will, who, like Nick himself, was merry at the thought of battle.

Nick Vyse had already sprung to the ground, and Josephine had given him her hands, and had dropped lightly by his side. Long Will was soon beside them, and all three lay prone along the ground, with a clear view before them of the opening to the quarry. Had he chosen the place of the encounter, Nick could have done no better; the cliff rose so sheer behind them and on the flanks, and over-hung its base so curiously at the summit, that an attack on their rear was out of question.

The horses, moreover, were out of the line of any fire that could come from the lane, and were protected, not only by the curving quarry-face, but by a thick growth of underwood that hid all but the tips of their twitching ears. Nick was glad of this, for he hated to see a horse in agony, and it lessened the danger, moreover, of panic among the team. It was this danger which prompted Long Will to roll two heavy stones beneath the wheels.

"They can pull as they like," he muttered, "but they'll not drag the coach over these bits of pebbles."

"When they come, *aim*," growled Nick. "Don't fire at random, for we have to find bullets for twelve of these obtrusive gentry."

Even as he spoke the first two of the outwitted band appeared on foot at the opening of the quarry, stopped dismayed, and looked about in search of the defending force. One of Nick's pistols spoke, and one of Long Will's, and the highwaymen dropped quietly where they stood.

'Oh, the poor fellows!" murmured Josephine, with a sudden sob.

"Silence, lass!" snapped Sir Nicholas, in a quick, stern voice that was new to her. "This is men's work. Keep close behind me, and look at anything but what goes on in front."

There was a tense calm, a sense of waiting, and then half the remainder of the band came with a rush through the opening. Three went down, and the other two, when they retreated, were dripping crimson stains upon the clean chalk floor.

"The fools wait till we've had time to reload," said Long Will, as he rammed a fresh charge of powder home. "How if they find wit to rush us at a faster pace?"

"Well, there are only seven left and two are wounded. The odds are prettier than they were."

Another pause, and then a muttered growl from Nick. The unwounded five were racing into the quarry, not on foot, but on their horses. Knowing where the enemy lay, and bringing their startled wits to bear upon the matter, the highwaymen had shown wise generalship; it was useless for the men beneath the coach to fire, for the roof came down so low above them that only the horses' legs were in view.

"Wait," counselled Nick.

Round the left corner of their ambush came the horsemen, not emptying their pistols, but letting their horses' legs take the erratic shots of Long Will.

"Now, you canny rascals, we've got you like flies in a dish of treacle," snarled the leader. "Throw out your pistols and then come out yourselves, or, by the Rood, we'll shoot you now instead of later."

There was no way out of it, as Nick saw clearly enough. What had formed the security of their ambush was now their undoing, for, prone as they were, with unloaded pistols, they were completely at the mercy of their adversaries. However he found himself placed, though, Nick Vyse could be gay and *debonair*, and never more than when things showed at their worst.

"I am quite at your service, gentlemen,"

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he said, getting to his feet, and confronting the five surly pistol barrels. "Moreover, I shall get the better of you, for it happens to be a way of mine."

"Ah," sneered the leader of the band. "And your reasons for this great security?"

"Why, just that the tide is at its lowest ebb and that now it's bound to turn."

"You talk more like a well-born fool than any driver of a coach I've met with yet."

"That may be. Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I can tell you that very briefly. First, to see what is inside that coach full of boxes, then to shoot you and this other rascal at six paces out of respect to the memory of our fallen comrades, then to take the girl with us, for I never saw a face and figure more——"

Sir Nicholas was *debonair* no longer. He took his empty pistol lightly by the barrel, threw it, and caught the highwayman full on the mouth.

"Now for the end of a merry life," groaned Long Will, as he watched the leader shedding loosened teeth. "They'll give us a short shrift after this."

But Nick had heard a fat, round voice that somehow sounded familiar. From the space in front of the coach it sounded, and the cry, "In the King's name!" was unmistakeable.

"In the King's name!" roared Nick, in answer; and, taking Josephine by the arm, he hurried her, followed close by Long Will, under the noses of the restive team and round to the front before the highwaymen had recovered from this new confusion.

At the entrance of the quarry he saw the Sheriff—his own loved Sheriff, who had given him many a jolly midnight jest at smuggling times—and with him a score of mounted Regulars.

"You are just in time, my lord," said Nick drily, "and the rats you seek are sulking yonder at the rearward of the coach."

The Sheriff glanced at Nick. "Who are you, sirrah?" he demanded.

"The driver of the London coach, and like to be a dead driver, too, had not you come up."

"Ah, so! And who are your companions?"

"Passengers from Silverton to town—the only two, in fact, who did not run away when first we were attacked."

"Humph, humph! How comes the London coach to be quartered in the chalk pit here?"

"I drove it here, my lord, when I saw the highwaymen drawn up across the road. It was our only chance."

"You're a brave fellow. Yes, yes, I shall mention it in the proper quarter," began the Sheriff pompously.

He did not continue, however, for the five rogues penned up between the coach and the blank wall of the chalk pit were growing desperate, and one of them, peeping round, had spied the Sheriff, and sent a pistol ball within a half-inch of his head."

"Hunt out the rats!" roared the Sheriff, with sudden spleen—for he was as choleric as he was brave and self-sufficient.

His men rode quickly round the coach, the bullets pattering about them; but these gentry of the highway were rarely marksmen when it came to the pitch of danger, and in a moment they were secured and pinioned.

One of these same prisoners, however, had been setting his wits to work. Something in Nick's manner, something in the sly glances interchanged between the girl and him, had roused suspicion in the man, and he had begun to wonder if, after all, that pile of baggage were not even richer than he had thought—were not, in fact, most precious contraband.

In a trice the rogue had made up his mind. He would swing gallows-high to a surety, unless he could turn King's evidence of some sort, and it was worth hazarding a guess as to the contents of the coach. So he asked speech of the Sheriff, saying that there were men here no better than himself.

"Speak out, man," said the Sheriff. "It is my duty to listen to every man who has a charge to bring."

"Well, then, ask the driver there what is in the lady's boxes"—the highwayman paused, and saw Nick's momentary confusion, and knew that his random shot had hit the goal—"ask him if the King would value his services so much if His Majesty guessed that he used a public coach for contraband goods. It may be Schnapps, but that would take too much room; more likely it is lace."

Nick Vyse looked helplessly at Josephine. In a flash he saw that the Sheriff's coming in the nick of time had been, as it were, a leap from the frying-pan into the fire.

The Sheriff noted his confusion, and became three times as pompous and as fussy as he had been before.

"I must examine this baggage," he said.

"It is not legal, my lord, to tamper with the baggage of an innocent passenger who

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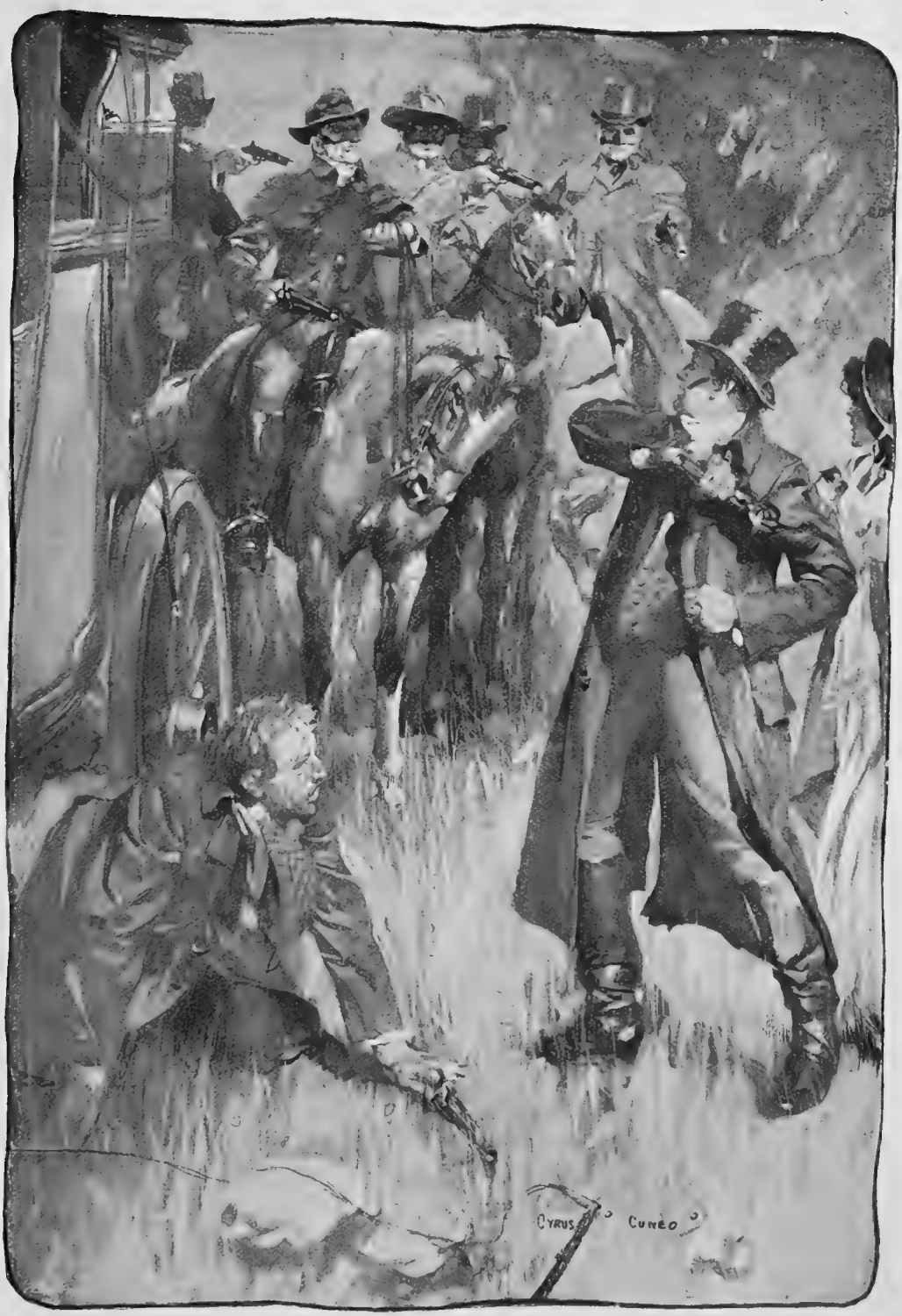

Sir Nicholas took his empty pistol lightly by the barrel, threw it, and caught the highwayman full on the mouth.

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goes by public coach," said Nick in desperation.

The hint of smuggling was as rousing to the Sheriff as the scent of the fox-brush is to hounds.

"The law must be stretched a point at times, my man," he said, "and never more so than now, when Captain Contraband goes to and fro with such impunity. 'Tis just one of the Captain's barefaced tricks, to carry his goods to London by aid of a public coach. So, so! It may be I've caught two rascals—two greatly-needed rascals—on the same day."

He strutted to the coach, and was about to open the door when Ponto, quiet till now and more than a surprised spectator of the fight, awoke to his responsibilities. With a growl and a snap he started from the pile of baggage, and the Sheriff retreated just in time.

"Shoot the dog!" he ordered furiously.

But Josephine stepped quietly in between Ponto and the soldiery.

"The baggage is all mine, my lord," she said, with a haughtiness that, coupled with her beauty, played havoc with the Sheriff. "The baggage is mine; you dare not touch it. It—it is full of women's things, my lord, and these rough men——"

"Still, I shall examine it," my lord declared, concealing his weakness under a great show of strength, as men do when pretty women try to wean them from their duty.

Nick knew that, having pledged his word so openly, the Sheriff could not retreat. The soldiery had heard all the discussion, and would gossip, laugh at their leader behind his back, if he yielded to the persuasion of a woman's eyes. And so, perforce, Sir Nicholas played his last card and his best; one by one he removed his hat, his wig, the three black patches on his face; then he laughed in the fat Sheriff's face and spoke, not in the gruff driver's voice he had assumed, but in his own suave tones.

"A jest's a jest, my lord," he said, with engaging frankness, "and this has been long enough for both of us, I fancy. This lady is Miss Willoughby, whose father rents my own property, Vyse House; and I, for a whim, have driven the London coach to-day—partly, I confess, because I have heard too many rumours of this band of highwaymen. I knew that Miss Willoughby meant to carry many of her valuables with her, and I was vain enough to think that I could give her better protection than perhaps she might find upon the coach. That is all, my lord. Examine the baggage if you please, but allow me to suggest that it is scarcely a compliment when paid to a lady on the public road."

The Sheriff grew very red about the gills. The surprise of finding Sir Nicholas masquerading here in such a guise—Sir Nicholas, whom he knew as a magistrate and a man of first importance in the county—was too much for him. He could only bow, and bow, and bow again, to Josephine, and stammer his apologies; and the last they saw of him, when at last the coach was on the high road again, was a plump figure of a man who bowed perpetually. For in truth the Sheriff was afraid that the jest would get abroad, and he was minded to propitiate Sir Nicholas.

"You asked for an adventure, lass," Sir Nicholas whispered, as he shook the team into a quiet trot up the hill, "but did you look for such a one as this? Oh, I shall laugh when I have leisure—I shall laugh till my sides ache—to think how near the Sheriff came to capturing Captain Contraband."

"You have the strangest luck," the girl answered breathlessly.

"Why, so I have, sweet—for you are going to marry me."

One glance she gave him—quite full of love, and witchery, and zest in the late frolic—and then he gave the team their heads at the hill-top, and they went like a merry wind along the London road. And when at last they came to London streets, and pulled up with a flourish at La Belle Sauvage, they wished the journey just begun again.

Josephine's father was waiting to escort her home, and in a spirit of pure devilry she told him how kind the driver of the coach had been, how courteous and attentive on the road.

"Here's a guinea for you, my man," said old Willoughby solemnly, coming near to Sir Nicholas and slipping the coin into his palm.

Sir Nicholas touched his hat.

"Thank you, sir. It's not the first guinea I've received from you," he said.

Old Willoughby looked twice at him, and started visibly.

"Gad, man, you don't mean—eh——" he began.

"Take care of your daughter's boxes," was all Nick answered.

And Josephine, with one last glance, had followed her father between the reeking kennels of La Belle Sauvage; and the subtlest jest of all, to Nick's thinking, had crowned a jolly day.

"Life's life," he muttered, as he passed the ribbons to Long Will, "I wonder if old Willoughby will have the face to grudge his daughter to me one day."

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THE ARTFUL STARFISH.

The story of a deservedly unpopular creature.

By F. Martin Duncan.

Left by a receding wave, stranded on the seashore, the starfish, with its plump, tapering arms extended to all points of the compass at once, looks an innocent, harmless sort of creature, quite incapable of much power, movement, or strategy. Yet for ways that are strange and dark the average starfish would quickly and easily put the heathen Chinee to shame.

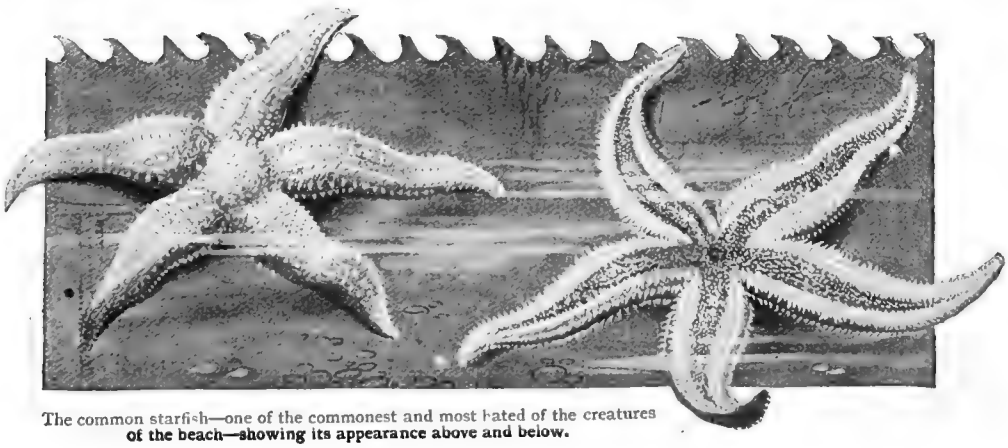
Its peculiar shape has gained the starfish many names even round the coasts of Great Britain, such as "crossfish," "sunfish," "old five fingers," "five-fingered Jack," "cramps," and "devil's hand," or "devil's fingers." By the two latter names it is known round the coast of Ireland, where it is held in superstitious dread and horror by the simple fisherfolk. In Cornwall there still lingers an old legend that the starfish, if it gets the chance, will seize hold of the too intrepid bather, and winding its cold clammy fingers round his feet or ankles, bring on the fatal spasm which has gained the creature its Cornish name of "cramps."

But if we want to hear all about the starfish and his bold bad ways we must pay a visit to the oyster fisheries, for he is the greatest enemy the oyster grower has to deal with. It will be quite sufficient to utter the words "starfish," or "five-fingered Jack," to start master and man eloquently discoursing on the crimes of their foe.

And this is not surprising, when we learn that the starfish, owing to its infatuation for "natives," is responsible for an annual loss amounting to several thousand pounds sterling. All the world over, the starfish shows the same love for the oyster. On the coast of America, for instance, between Cape Cod and State Island, the starfishes are estimated to account for 100,000 dollars worth of choice oysters annually.

At first, it seems incredible that a comparatively soft-bodied, lethargic creature, without anything at all resembling a knife, should be capable of extracting a living oyster from between its closely clenched shells. How is this apparently impossible feat accomplished?

Well, to start with, the starfishes for countless generations have had abnormally large and healthy appetites, and, consequently, in



The common starfish—one of the commonest and most hated of the creatures of the beach—showing its appearance above and below.

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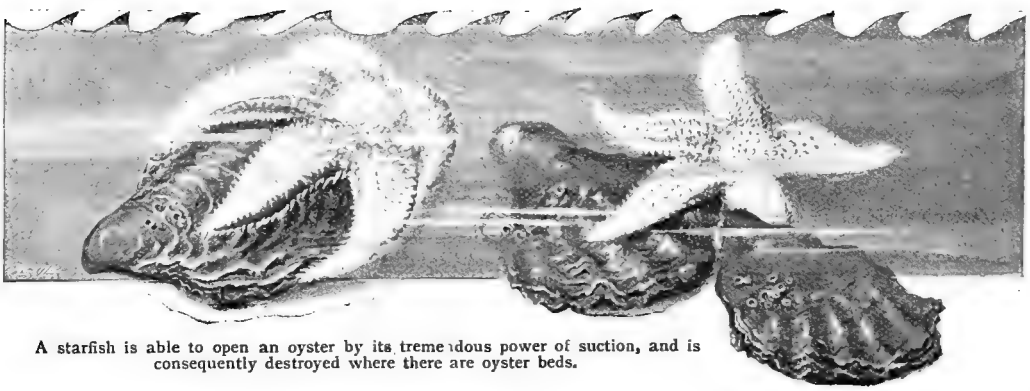


A starfish is able to open an oyster by its tremendous power of suction, and is consequently destroyed where there are oyster beds.

the course of ages of devouring, have evolved most remarkable stomachs, specially adapted to keep pace with the aforesaid healthy appetites.

Now the stomach of the starfish not only fills pretty nearly the whole of the round disc-shaped body cavity, but it extends for some distance up each of the five arms or rays, as they are called; while, should circumstances arise which would make it advantageous to do so, this remarkable stomach can, without pain or inconvenience, be withdrawn from the five rays, and literally expelled, inside out, through the mouth of the starfish!

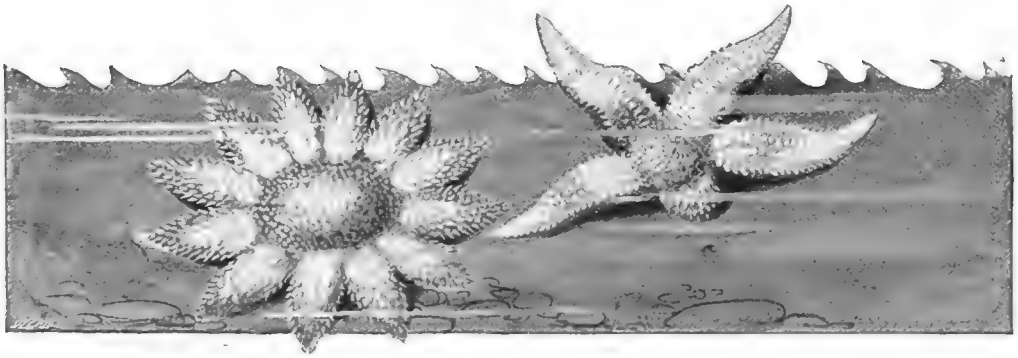
Supposing lunch-time finds the starfish in the vicinity of a fine fat oyster, whose shell is too large to be crammed into even his elastic mouth. The starfish will lovingly embrace the "native," folding his arms tightly over the unhappy shellfish, and pressing his mouth against the edges of the upper and lower shells. The oyster, bashful and suspicious, shuts its shells tight, and anxiously awaits results.

Finding that kisses are thrown away, the starfish begins to protrude the lower portion of his stomach through his mouth. Slowly but surely this is pushed farther and farther out of the body of the starfish and over the oyster. The starfish is in no hurry. At last the poor "native" is exhausted by the suction going on all round his shell, and allows the valves to open, only to find himself engulphed by his foe. The starfish, having wrapped his lunch up in his stomach, swallows both at his leisure.

Enraged at the depredations of their many-armed foes, the fishermen formerly were wont to vent their spite by tearing their enemies limb from limb, and then flinging them back into the sea to wriggle and writhe to death—as they thought.

But, strange to say, the more the fishermen hacked the creatures asunder the more from year to year the starfishes increased in numbers, until in some seasons, so numerous had they become, that as many as 2500 individuals would be caught in a couple of days on the oyster beds.

And what alarmed the worthy fishermen even more than the rapid increase in the number of their foes was the weird uncanny shapes which many of the starfishes assumed. Some would have large corpulent bodies,



The sun starfish and one of his common, ordinary starfish cousins, who has lost a fringe or ray, and is proceeding to grow a new one; it takes more than the loss of a limb to kill a starfish.

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with ridiculously small arms, others would have one-half of the body and perhaps three of the rays the normal size, while the other half of the body and two remaining rays would be disproportionately smaller; or others, again, would have one huge ray with an absurdly small body and four tiny rays.

As a last resource an appeal was made to the scientists for advice. To the well-trained scientific man there was nothing terrible or uncanny in these grotesquely-formed starfish. In fact, they were the key to the whole mystery of the persistent increase of the starfishes.

Observation and experiments very quickly proved beyond all possible doubt that it was the worthy fisherfolk themselves who were alone responsible for the rapid increase of their foes. For, instead of the starfishes being killed when they were torn in half and thrown back into the sea, each severed arm or ray, to give it the proper name, settled down comfortably on the floor of the ocean, and started to grow into a new starfish, with the natural result that where perhaps only one starfish originally existed its severed rays grew into five active, oyster-devouring starfishes!

It is from this wonderful power of reproducing lost parts that the starfish has acquired such a noble appetite, for an enormous amount of food has to be consumed and digested to rapidly build up the new tissues. Nor is the oyster the only dainty which our greedy friend will eat. Cockles, mussels, clams, crabs, anemones, worms, all alike are eagerly devoured. Needless to say, the starfish, now that his artful little ways are better known, is no longer torn to pieces, and thrown back into the sea; but he and his brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles, are stowed away in the bottoms of the boats, and brought ashore to be sold as cheap and valuable manure for the farmer's land.

Now, although the starfish is such a sorry rascal, he is in many respects a very interesting creature. When the tide is up it is quite astonishing how easily he climbs up the slippery rocks and transports his somewhat ungainly body from one place to another. All down each ray and around his mouth are hundreds of fleshy, short, round tubes, and these he uses as sucker-feet, hauling himself up over the rocks, and holding on tight to his slippery prey by their aid.

As a baby he does not in the least resemble his parents, either in appearance or mode of life; but is a graceful, soft-bodied little creature, wonderfully active and restless, swimming about by means of long delicate hairs or cilia, with which certain portions of his dainty semi-transparent body are clothed. As he grows he gradually changes his form and mode of

The evolution of the rosy feather-starfish. In early life it grows on a slender stem attached to a rock. The blossom at the end of the stem expands, and the starfish gradually grows out of it.

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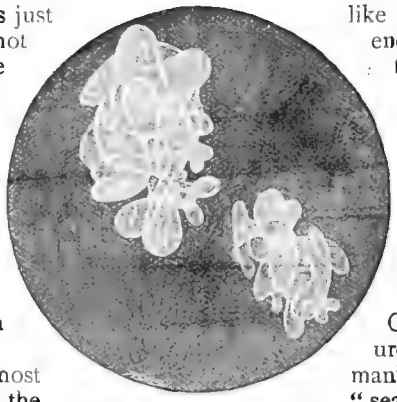
life, until at last he becomes just like his parents. It must not be supposed that because the common five-fingered starfish is such a foe to the fisherfolk all other starfish are objectionable creatures. Indeed, many of them are very beautiful, both in shape and colouring, and, acting to a certain degree as scavengers, play a useful part in life.



These strange, nebulous, diaphanous creatures are young starfish; they are certainly more handsome than their parents.

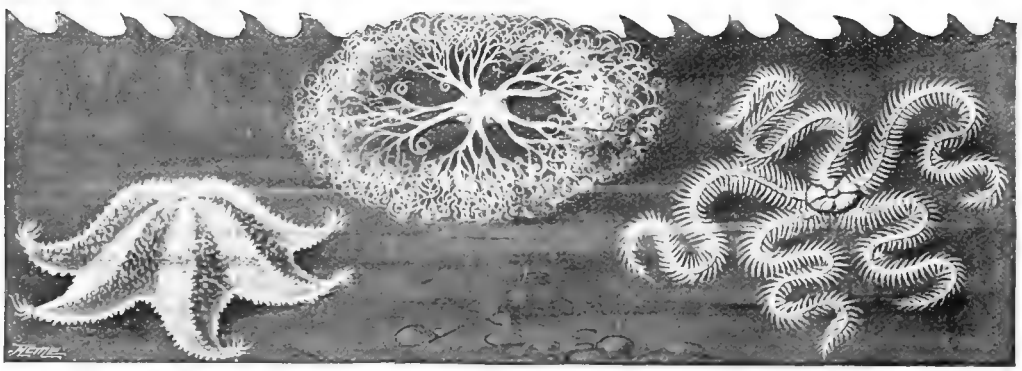
Perhaps one of the most beautiful and interesting is the rosy feather-star, a particularly graceful, slender-armed creature, to be found on the rocky coasts of Devon and Cornwall. Its beautiful, long, spiney arms vary much in colour, sometimes being deep blue with rose-coloured spines, or white or grey banded with pink. It is much more active than its cousin the common starfish, and propels itself slowly through the water by rhythmic waving of the slender rays.

If alarmed, or at all roughly handled, the little creature will fling off all its rays in the most reckless fashion, leaving only its disc-like body in the hand. However, if put back into the sea the feather-star will soon grow itself a new set of arms, for, like all its kind, it has the wonderful power of rapidly replacing lost parts.

Now this delicate little rosy feather-star-fish forms a particularly interesting link with the long past geological ages of the earth. For a certain period of its early life this feather-star leads a comparatively sedentary life, growing on a long slender stem attached to a rock or weed. At first only the body of the baby feather-star is to be seen, something like a closed acorn cup at the end of the stem. Gradually the "cup" opens, and as it expands the long graceful feathery rays grow out from its edges.

The starfishes have many queer relations, which, at first sight, at least, appear to be destitute of any family likeness to their five or more rayed cousins. One of these is the sea-urchin, variously called "sca'ad man's head," "sea-egg," and "sea-hedgehog."

Perhaps the strangest cousins of the starfish are the queer, worm-like, elongated bodied creatures called holothurians, "sea-cucumbers," "trepangs," or "*bechès de mer*." Many of them are very beautiful in colour, and their long cylindrical bodies may measure anything between a couple of inches and three feet. Their bodies, unlike those of the starfishes, are soft and pliable; while embedded in the skin are numerous limestone plates, often singularly regular and beautiful in form. Their chief way of moving is the extension and contraction of their bodies, which by the aid of powerful muscles are constantly changing in shape. Round the mouth, arranged in a circle, many of the holothurians have very numerous and beautiful branched arms, which are chiefly important for breathing purposes. Down the sides of the flat, cylindrical body are frequently to be found five regular zones of tube-feet by means of which the creature can hold on to objects and climb over rocks. These are a few of the starfish's many relatives.



Various starfish, not often seen, but nevertheless to be found by careful searches on British beaches.

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My Nephew "Max"

By Fox Russell.

Being the Extract from a Married Uncle's Diary.

Having decided to spend a month at Shellscombe-on-Sea, dear Mollie and I invited my niece Eileen—the elder sister of Max and Tommy—and Captain Welwyn, to whom she is engaged to be married, to stay with us.

Dear Mollie finds the happy couple rather dull company, for on the few occasions—mostly at meal times—when we see anything of them, they invariably sit in each other's pockets, surreptitiously clasping hands under the table and gazing mutely into each other's eyes.

To put the matter in its mildest form, this is not exhilarating for the rest of us, and dear Mollie suggests—I suppose as counter-irritant—asking Max and Tommy to stay a week, saying:

"They always make things lively for us."

They do. No chance of a dull moment whenever they are present.

With some misgivings I assent, and write invitation, and in reply receive following effusion from Max:

"Righto! Uncle Charlie. Will we come? By golly, I shood jest think we wood. We are throughly homesick (I spose that's the propper egspreshun wen your sick of home, aint it?) And there's another reason too, why we dont want to be at home jest now.

"The fackt is, Ive had a littel accerdent. I mean that I accerdently found myself in old Wobbles's orchid, and I spose in apsense of mind I climed up a froot tree and shook it, wile Stinker" (when will the boy cease calling his brother "Stinker"?) "stood below and cort the apples ass they fell. Well, of coarse, I egsplaned to the Bobby wen he took me by the coller (orfly roodly) that Ide no idear this was privet propperty, and mistook it for a publick place. But he was one of those thick-hedded Bobbies and thought himself orfly clever, and he sneerd and sed: 'If you thought this was a publick place, why nced you clime over the wall?' I sed: 'I climed over for eggsersize,' and he sed 'Rats!'

"Well—I forgot to tell you young Stinker bunked derectly he saw the Bobby coming, for wich I jolly well smakd his hed afterwards.

"Wen I come to think of it I dessay *I* shood have bunked if Ide bin on the ground insted of up a tree—however, I can't *un*smack his hed, can I? So it's not *my* fault, is it?

"The Bobby walked me along till we got outside the orchid—I diddent hit him or knock him down, of coarse I diddent want to hurt the feller—but soon as we got out of the orchid, I suddinly renched myself away and bunked off down the lane like old boots!

"The Bobby was a fat feller and by Gum! I did run! After two feelds he had to give it up and I saw him drop down on a furrow in a plowed feeld quite eggsauceted.

"But the orkward part of it orl is, I left my coller in his hand wen I broke away, and Ime blowed if I know wether its got my name on it or not! That's rather beasely for a feller, aint it?

"So it's jest ass well to get out of the place for a bit. Ime always eggspecting I shall either run into that Bobby's arms, coming round a corner, or that heel call at our house

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—if my name *is* on that coller—with a summens. Our love to Aunt Mollie. I spose Eileen and that ass Welwyn are still staying with you, aint they?

"Your affectshuntly,

"MAX."

"P.S.—I do hate Bobbies, dont you? thare so afishus."

Next day, whooping and shouting, my nephews arrived in open fly. Noticed with sinking heart vast quantity of luggage. Hope this does not mean prolonged stay. So wearing. Max rushed up to me, saying:

"Uncle Charlie, will you pay the cabman please? The Gov'nor gave me a sov. for expenses, but as I was just spinning it up and catching it again, by the open winder of the railway carriage, blowed if I dident miss it, and it fell out on the line!

"I pulled the alarm thing and presently the train stopped and the guard came running along the line asking what was the matter? So I said, 'Keep your hair on—I've dropped a sov. about a mile back—will you go and try to find it or shall we?' He only swore and asked my name and address, and said he'd summon me for stopping the train without due cause. I *was* surprised!

"Well, I thought the Gov'nor would be in an awful wax if he heard of it, so I just gave *your* name, Uncle Charlie, instead of my own"—I groaned—"I knew you wouldn't mind."

Cheering prospect this, to start with. Sent boys into house, and jumped into fly, telling driver to hasten back to railway station. After elaborate explanation to Station-master, waiting two hours for return of train, and presenting substantial tip to outraged guard to induce him to refrain from summoning Max—or rather *me!*—returned, hot and tired.

Directly after dinner, boys insisted on dear Mollie and me playing Blind Man's Buff with them. So trying. Hate rapid moving just after meals. So bad for digestion. Knocked clock off mantelpiece, in addition to breaking window pane. Then Eileen and Welwyn came in from their evening stroll. Both assumed superior air, and Eileen said to me with a faint sneer:

"Really, you are *too* good-natured"—meaning that I was an ass—rather inclined to agree with her, personally.

Tommy, from behind his sister's back, puts thumb to nose. Whereupon, somewhat to my surprise, he is rebuked by Max, who says:

"Stinker, it's beastly rude to cock a snook at anyone. You've got the rottenest manners I've ever seen." I afterwards discovered this remark merely made to gain time, as Max had not quite finished pinning tail of Captain Welwyn's coat to tablecloth. The next minute, that long-suffering young man moved abruptly away from the table, and brought everything on it down with a sweeping crash.

Welwyn evidently wanted to swear, but dared not. Glared at me instead. Why me? Why does every victim of these wretched children's pranks always select me as scapegoat, and stare me out of countenance? So distressing. Hurry them off to bed, Tommy grumbling and remarking: "I could do a regular tuck-in, Uncle Charlie, now. I haven't had anything to eat since—oh, since dinner-time."

Which had been an hour and a half beforehand!

Sigh, and ask what they'd like.

"Something hot!" suggests Max.

Explain that I dare not ask landlady to cook, at that time of night, and finally compromise supper question by sending them off with large slice of cake and two apples each.

Dear Mollie next morning asks: "How shall we amuse them to-day, Charlie?"

Reply feebly: "Oh, on the sands or something, I suppose."

"Take them out in a boat, fishing," she suggests.

"Not if I know it," I reply promptly—Decline to upset my internal economy in heaving boat, even at shrine of avuncular duty.

"Well, then, fish with them from off the pier," she says. Assent. Pier quite steady, anyhow.

Boys down early in breakfast-room, and finding no one there rang for meal to be served. They tossed up for who should have the eggs and who the bacon, with the result that Tommy ate the six poached eggs and Max disposed of all the bacon.

"By gum, Uncle Charlie, I quite forgot about you!" exclaims Max, with his mouth full. "Afraid you'll have to wait for a fresh supply. Come on, Stinker, we needn't stop while the rest eat, need we, uncle? We'll just cut out and chivey that black cat down the road!"

And with a wild war-whoop they disappeared, leaving but the barest wreckage of breakfast behind them. Fortunately, a haddock had escaped their voracious eyes, and on this we, perforce, made our meal.

In ten minutes boys back again, cat having

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That long-suffering young man moved abruptly away from the table, and brought everything on it down with a sweeping crash.

escaped, and an hour later, we were on end of pier, armed with nets, lines, and peculiarly revolting lot of lobworms, ready to commence fishing.

Max plunges hand into wriggling mass of lobworms. I shudder and draw back, but not in time, as Max, yelling out: "By gum, how they tickle my hand!" gives convulsive jerk, and accidentally shoots the nasty, messy thing right into my face! I could have shrieked, and *did* give vent to—to a hasty expression.

Perfectly clear we could not fish without previously baiting hooks. This involves handling lobworms. Most unpleasant—never thought of that before. Max volunteers—I consent, at same time retreating well without range of any further worm-throwing.

Max's one idea seems to be that of hooking extreme end of worm's tail. Sure we shall never catch any fish, but determine to try. At Tommy's first throw, the leaded hooks catch Max in the seat of his knickerbockers. Max wrathful, and threatens to shove Tommy off the pier. Look severe and reprove him—Max sulks. Try to coax him back into good humour by offer of sixpence. Tommy sulks—wonder why? Find it is because I have not given *him* sixpence. Do so, and harmony at once restored. So glad.

Fish steadily on for half-an-hour. No result. Max thinks it rather slow, whilst Tommy says: "Oh, let's chuck this rot!" and throws down his line in despair.

He wanders off, and five minutes later, blood-curdling yell from bottom of pier steps sends me bounding off in that direction. Tommy evidently been playing about in fisherman's boat, and unfastened painter. Boat rapidly drifts seaward, poor Tommy meantime uttering most appalling and fearsome shrieks for help. What am I to do?

Was ever distracted uncle placed in such a painful position? I also begin to shout, and am fortunate enough to attract attention of boatman loafing on pier-head. He spits leisurely, and then asks:

"Wot are you a-goin' to stand if I fatches the young gent back?"

Distractedly offer half-a-crown.

"'Arf-a-crown?" he says. "No, not me at 'arf-a-crown!"

"Half-a-sovereign, then?" I cry, and in ten minutes Tommy has been rescued, and is standing safe and sound (though wholesomely frightened) on pier again.

Insist upon relinquishing fishing and returning home. Fishing too wearing for delicate system. Think I shall run up to

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town for day or two—nerves temporarily shattered by morning's *contretemps*. Dear Mollie agrees, saying, with her usual good nature, she will take charge of boys in my absence. Boys really too much for me.

Ran up to town in afternoon and stayed at club. Felt relief immediately. Dined—rubber of Bridge—to bed 10.30. Two days of this quiet, and felt so much better I almost determined to return to Shellscombe. Rose early third morning—canter in Park—back to breakfast by nine—letters—ha! one from Max:

"Dear Uncle Charlie,

"Ime afrade you must be missing us and feeling orfly dull in town so Ime writing you an account of our doings, jest to cheer you up.

"Youll be glad to know weer throughly amewsing ourselfs. Yestiddy we went early to the sands and cort sum small eels. I wantid to keep them, but Stinker sed 'No, he'd spare wun of his—the liveliest wun—' to put in the milk can, witch the feller always leaves for a time outside our gate. So he dropt it in and he sed it riggled orfly wen it got into the milk.

"After breakfust we went down to bathe. Stinker dident want to ware bathing drawers, he sed it crampt his arms for swiming. I sed 'What a whopper,' and he sed 'Shut up, Ugly,' so I held his hed under water for about a minnit, and he came up garpsing for breth, and then he hit me in the stum— chest, and then *I* garpsed for breth.

"We had a fite in the water, and then it was so beasely cold, we cut back to the shore, and blowed if I hadent forgotten the number of our bathing machine. I tride sevril and at last I jumped into wun I thought was ours and banged the door, and then I dride myself and then wen I went to put on my close, I found they weren't mine!

"Well, I haddent got my own close so of course I *had* to put on the close I found. I drest in the blue sute of sum very fat old gentleman and had neerly finished wen the reel owner came hammring at the door and sed I was to 'come out at wunce immejetly.'

"I sed 'I shant,' so he sreeked out 'Give up my close, you horrible boy, and open this door at wunce!'

"I sed 'Don't be so unreecenable. I *must* take your close now and you can go and find mine. I'll lend them to you.' And he sed the most orfle things! his langwidge was most unrespectable and I told him he oughter be ashamed of myself.

"All this time Stinker was in the sea, shiffering with cold. My eye! he was turning blue! and now he's in bed with a chill, and the Dr. ses he thinks its New Moanyer—if so, we shant have to go back to school, shall we? Cos I spose its catching, aint it?

"Well, the end of it was that the old gentleman yelled for the Bathing Machine man, and he came out and sed I oughter apologise to him, and that I must give up his close at wunce, and I sed 'I shant,' and dashed past him into the sea, and made for the beach, drest in the blue sute much too big for me. I splashed through the water, and the bathing chap splashed through after me—then I cut along the shore and rite up the street, home, but the bathing feller came to the house, and asked for my name and address—so of coarse I gave yours again, Uncle Charlie" (I dropped my head on my hands and groaned aloud), "so you can make it all rite with him wen you come home.

"The evening before—I forgot to tell you—Eileen and Welwyn went stroaling on the sands, and it being dark, I follerd them to what the silly fool calls 'their inchantid iland,' witch is simply a groop of big rokes. I hid behind wun of them and lissend to the rot they talked. Dreckly they sat down—I notissed he took the comftablest seat—he began squoting potry:

'Oh, I remember it, do you remember it,
Out on the rokes wen the tide is slow,'

or 'Wen the tide is low,' I dunno witch he ment. And then, as soon as he shut up, Eileen prest his hand (its as big ass a leg of muton), and sed: 'Ah, Alfred, how happy I am. I sumtimes think this is too good to last.'

"And so it was, for jest then a wave slopped all over them both, and they had to cut it. Wen they settled down again, she side hevvily, and sed: 'Alfred, tell me you have never, never, never loved ennywun ass you love me. *You*, dearest Alfred, are the only, *only* man who has ever moved *my* hart!'

"I neerly burst.

"Then the silly ass began: 'Oh, my Eileen——' and then I couldn't stand it enny longer, and yelled out:

"'Oh, my aunt! aint I glad *Ime* not in love, or enny of that tommy rot! Why dont you talk about criket or football or sumthing sensble insted of all this blither?' and I shide a lump of seaweed at 'dearest Alfred' witch cort him full in the weskit, and then I bunked. I was in bed and prettending to be asleep by the time they returned.

"Now Uncle Charlie, do come back again

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—you *must* be dull, and you'll certainly not be that down here with us (true, too true!) and besides there's the Bathing Machine feller to settle with, and the old chap whoose close I spoilt, and jest now the milkman called to dermand compensayshun for ruenning his milk by putting an eel in it. I dunno *how* he found out it was us did it—rum, aint it?

"Oh Reevoyr, ass the Germans say,

"Your affecshunt nephew,

"MAX."

"I splashed through the water, and the bathing chap splashed through after me."

Although feeling agitated and nerves upset by this disquieting letter, determined to go down by afternoon train to Shellscombe and —and punish this horrible boy for all his wickedness. I—I—I would be very firm—oh, very firm. But hardly knew quite what to do, for all that. Revolved matter very seriously in train, going down, and on arrival sent for Max to my sitting-room. Severely lectured him —pointed out trouble he was continually involving me in. Max, with hands in pockets, said he thought I liked it. Sighed and frowned—no effect—wished he would dissolve into tears, and I could forgive him, but, alas! no sign of such thing. Continue lecture.

Max finally asks whether he couldn't "take the rest of it" next day, as he wanted to go out prawning now? Brilliant idea seized me. I forbid him the prawning expedition, and say that, as punishment, he shall go to his room for rest of day. Max says: "Oh, all right, *that's* nothing!" and walks off upstairs. Light cigar, with feeling of intense relief at having sternly carried out my duty. Half-an-hour later catch sight of Max climbing out of window and shinning down rain-water pipe, evidently on way to take part in the prawning. Rush down and intercept him—order him back again. Max mutters: "Well, this *is* a jolly sell! Thought you were a sportsman, Uncle Charlie!" and then, with hands in pockets, retreats sulkily to room again.

* * * * *

For once in a way I have triumphed. But I don't feel altogether happy. The boy's sure not to let me rest on my laurels. He'll get equal to me in some way or other—I know it.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

How To Spell Cat.

BROWN: "I had a letter from Smith this morning, and I bet you five shillings you don't guess in half-a-dozen guesses how the ignorant beggar spelt cat."

JONES: "I bet I do."

BROWN: "All right then, fire away."

JONES: "C-a-t-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "C-a-t-t-e."

BROWN: "No."

JONES. "K-a-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "K-a-t-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "K-a-t-t-e."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "C-a-g-h-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "Well, how did he spell it?"

BROWN: "C-a-t."

JONES (angrily): "But you said he was an ignorant beggar."

BROWN: "So I did, but it is not likely that he would be so ignorant as not to be able to spell cat."

Poor FitzNoodle.

FITZSMART: "Do you know how to make a Venetian blind? It is really very easy."

FITZNOODLE: "I always thought it was quite a long business, such a lot of material you know—wood and all that, you know."

FITZSMART: "Not at all, not at all, throw a little sand in his eyes, that's all."

Tom's father and Ted's father were brothers, yet Tom said he was not Ted's cousin. What was he?

A liar.

A Question.

"How do you pronounce 'organisation?'"

"Or-gan-i-sa-shon."

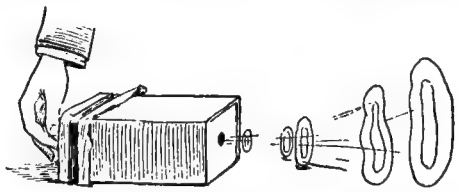
"How do you spell it?"

"O-r-g-a-n-i-s-a-t-i-o-n."

"Oh, 'i-t' would be simpler, surely?"

How to Make Smoke-Rings.

Take a cigar box, knock one end out, and stretch tightly over this end a piece of white paper. In the opposite end bore a round hole about one half inch in diameter. Then fill the box with smoke by burning brown paper in front of the hole which has been



bored. Then hold the cigar box in a horizontal position and tap the paper covered end gently. Smoke-rings will issue from the hole in great numbers. If a larger box be employed, the smoke-rings can be projected right across a large room.

A Sticky Problem.

A. asks B.: "What is the difference between a millionaire's son, a monkey, and a glue-pot?"

B.: "Don't know."

A.: "The millionaire's son is an heir to millions, and the monkey has a 'million hairs.'"

B.: "Well, what about the glue-pot?"

A.: "Ah! That's where you get stuck."

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More Catches.

"Have you heard of the terrible explosion?"

"No; what?"

"The wind blew up the Strand."

"Do you know that they are not going to make the 'Tube' cars any longer?"

"No. Why?"

"Because they are long enough."

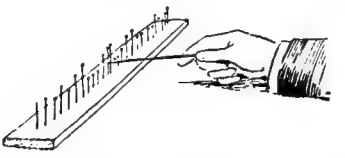
"Have you seen the Ho?"

"No. What Ho?"

"She bumps!"

Music with Pins.

Procure a piece of soft wood about a foot long; drive a pin into it and test the pin with your finger until it rings true to the first note of the piece of music which you wish to play. Then drive another pin into the wood



for the second note and test it in the same way. It will be found that the deeper you drive the pins into the wood the higher the note. When all the pins are in position draw a hat pin along them and you will get a very fair resemblance of the chosen tune.

Not too Obvious.

Supposing you were asked which you preferred—a half-yearly rise of £5 or a rise of £20 a year—which would you choose?

Which weighs the heavier—a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?

A Question of Relationship.

A blind beggar had a brother, and the brother died. What relation was the beggar to the brother?

The answer to this is *sister*, whereas nearly everyone answers, "Oh, brother, of course," quite forgetting the probability of the beggar being a woman.

A New Version.

"I say, B., I see that yesterday's *Times* publishes a list of the names of those people who will never again travel first-class."

"Is that so? Well, I must have a look."

He goes over every column, and confesses his inability to discover the list.

"I can't find it. Aren't you joking?"

"No, I saw it with my own eyes."

"Then point it out to me."

"Man, alive, read the list of 'Deaths.'"

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS.

A Sensible Alphabet (*page* 50).

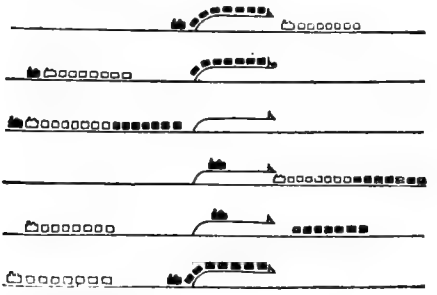
Short sensible sentences containing all the letters of the alphabet are difficult to make.
Here are some of the best:

Jump dogs, why vex Fritz Blank Q.C. (26 letters.)
Frowzy quacks jump, vex, and blight. (28 letters.)
Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. (29 letters.)
Why mix up five dozen black quart jugs. (31 letters.)
Why jumped vile fox on big quartz rocks? (32 letters.)
John quickly extemporized five tow bags. (34 letters.)
The men quickly viewed a box of prize jugs. (34 letters.)

The winner of the Five Shillings is Miss Mabel J. Bradley, Mill House, Epsom.

A Railway Puzzle (*page* 51).

Here is a simpler solution than the one already given on page 141 (for which Mr. X thanks many readers).



A Request (*page* 247).

"Twelve Sentences" and "Select new events" contain exactly the same letters.

What are the Missing Letters? (*page* 247).

E—L—R—S—T—U, and the words to fill the spaces: Sutler, Ulster, Lustre, Surest, Rulest, Rustle.

Three Posers (*page* 247).

(1) Six dozen dozen = 864.
Half a dozen dozen = 72.

(2) In Roman figures twelve is XII., which, cut in two leaves two VII.'s, one upside down.

The Arithmetical Questions (*page* 247).

£	s.	d.
1	17	11
9	15	11
11	13	10

	Miles.	Furs.	Poles.	Yds.	Feet.	Inches.
	1	6	32	5	1	5
	2	4	13	1	2	7
	4	3	(o) 6	1½	1	0
or	4	3	(o) 6	1	2	6

Tons.	Cwts.	Qrs.	Lbs.	Ozs.	Drs.
6	17	2	23	12	13
3	14	3	18	11	11
10	12	2	14	(o) 8	(o) 8

On the two following pages will be found a remarkable series of topsy-turvy sketches.

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A reversible judge.

IN THE REALM OF TOPSY TURVY.

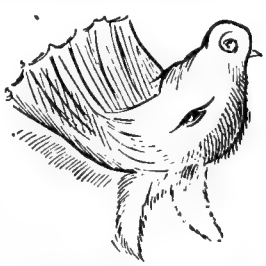
Turn these Two Pages Upside Down, and look at the Pictures.

An imp and a dancer in one.

EVERYBODY remembers the story of the young lady who was looking through an artist's sketch book, and admiring each in turn. When she came to a particularly charming water-colour drawing she held it at arms' length and cried out: "How perfectly sweet!" "But it would look sweeter if you held it the right way up," said the artist.

Well, here are a group of pictures that can be looked at upside down and the proper way, and show you a face or a figure whichever way you look at them. So they really cannot be put upside down, for they have two right sides. Examine each picture, and try to think how it will look when reversed. You will find it very hard to get anywhere near correctness. You know that there will be a face or a head when you look at the picture the other way round, but for your life you can't make out which protuberance is to form the nose and what little marks make the eyes. The mouth is a terrible puzzle to you as well.

An ox that is easily turned into the semblance of a man.



Looked at from above, this bird becomes a donkey.

Not a handsome person; but better than the demon you may see by looking at him upside down.

Take, for example, the learned judge with his wig and spectacles. What will he turn into when put upside down? His nose, you say, will probably make the nose of another face and his mouth the eyes. But that doesn't seem to work very well. Turn the picture round and see for yourself. The chin of the man of law becomes the nose of, as far as we can judge, a lady, and the chin of the lady was originally the nose of the judge. The wig becomes a thick travelling cap of warm fur.

See what you can make of another of the reversible pictures. That horrid gnome with a huge mouth and wicked eyes, long, flat ears, and the most villainous of frowns on a forehead that is surmounted by a silly top-knot. This will be a puzzle to you. I gave it up at once. Turn it round and behold the daintiest of little dancers tripping away delicately on the light fantastic toe. That is a surprise indeed.

The fat man with the bundle over his shoulder becomes a very strange creature. I expect he is a half-brother to the horrid gnome I have just been talking about. The severe Scotchman with a beard and a tam o' shanter on his head changes his character considerably when he is turned upside down. He forgets all his melancholy, and becomes a merry clown with a bag full of jokes and a fool's cap on his head.

One of the best of the reversible pictures gives a tangible proof of the Darwinian theory that we are all descended from monkeys. Look at the innocent little baby with wide open, questioning eyes, and a slightly puzzled expression. Turn him round and you have a horrid, ugly monkey with a snub nose and a huge, grinning mouth.

A severe Scotsman who can easily be made to smile.

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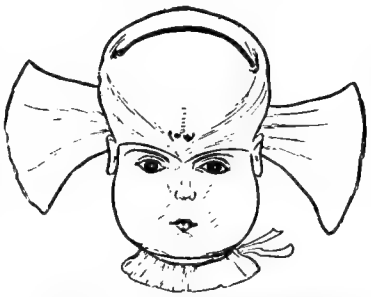
I once came across a young man who had seen a few of these reversible pictures. He was so struck with them that he conceived the brilliant idea of becoming a reversible picture himself. So he dressed himself up in a very strange costume and spent all day standing on his head in front of the looking-glass trying to see if he looked like a human being the wrong way round. I saw him a few weeks back. Poor fellow, he was in a private lunatic asylum, and the moment he saw me he cried out: "Look here, old man, I am a pig with a sun bonnet on now, and if I stand upside down I become"—and he came very close to me and whispered—"*Jojo, the elastic-skinned Kaffir.*" But he was really quite harmless. I only tell you this because you might be tempted to go and do likewise. It softens the brain.



A baby that proves the Darwinian theory when you turn this page upside down.

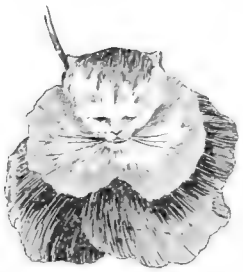
One of these pictures is rather unkind. It is the one of the foolish-looking gentleman in the smoking cap and the huge, long, bifurcated beard. I can't conceive why he wears his beard like that. It is very unbecoming and certainly doesn't improve his personal appearance. I shall fully expect to hear that when he has seen his portrait upside down—such a pretty picture of a donkey, that harmless and much maligned animal—he will hasten to the nearest hairdresser's shop and have that beautiful double beard and those soft silky moustaches shaved off as fast as the barber can do it.

The anecdote of the painter and the young lady at the beginning of this article should really suggest an idea to those people who make a living with the brush and pallet. Why not always paint two pictures in one? An artist of average intelligence would find it almost as easy as the painting of an ordinary picture. And even if it did involve some extra work, he would be certain to reap his reward.

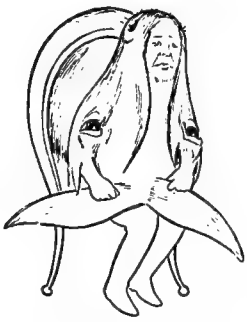
Imagine the amazement of customers and picture dealers on being shown a reversible painting. The artist has a picture to sell on, let us say, Julius Cæsar landing in Britain. The dealer turns up his nose. "No good, my dear sir. We want pictures of modern life—pretty, affecting domestic scenes."

"How will this suit you?" replies the artist. And he turns round the picture of Julius Cæsar to confront the astonished dealer with a charming domestic scene, entitled "The Sailor's Return."

And that painting would fetch a decent price, you can bet your bottom dollar!

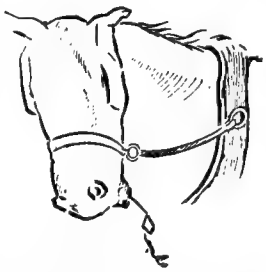


Why is this cat like a pansy?



Which way up looks best?

This gentleman undoubtedly looks a bit of an ass; turn him the other way up, and he looks a complete donkey.



Puzzle: Find the dog Toby and his pipe.

Remarkable from any point of view.

This child is not a Siamese twin, but merely a freak of the artist.

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THE MISHAP ON THE UNDERGROUND

A Weird and Wonderful Happening on the Metropolitan Railway.

By Quintin Waddington.

Steve Taylor, driver of engine No. 4511 on the Inner Circle, scarcely gave a glance at the substitute stoker as he stepped on the cab at Mansion House Station.

"Here, mate, you may as well finish this job," was all he said, as he handed to the new-comer the shovel with which he was throwing on coal. Steve was always regarded by his fellow drivers as a morose and taciturn man. Money troubles and a suicide in his family were supposed to account for his gloomy demeanour.

And this afternoon he was particularly unapproachable, for he was both anxious and annoyed. The first because his engine mate of long standing, one of the very few people for whom he had ever been known to show any sign of affection, was ill.

He had been seized by some sort of fit, and nearly fallen on the line, little more than an hour ago; and on Steve bringing up his train at the Mansion House, had been at once taken off to the hospital. He was annoyed, because in consequence of this mishap his train had been put on the siding to wait till a new fireman could be procured; and Steve had always prided himself on his regularity above all things, and did not relish this break in his record for punctuality, even though it was not due to any fault of his own. He was waiting now only to be put on the circuit again in his proper place, having missed a complete revolution round the circle.

The Whitechapel to Wimbledon started, then he saw engine No. 3207 come in, and he knew that he was next in rotation after the half-hourly train from Mansion House to Broad Street *vid* Willesden had gone through.

"Next circle train from number two platform," yelled the porter, much to the astonishment of those who knew the station well.

They repeated his words as a question. "Circle train from number two?" To which he vouchsafed no other answer than the repetition of the same phrase with an intensified stress on the word "circle," in a tone which reminded his hearers that it is useless as well as impious to question the decrees of Fate.

At Blackfriars a good number of business men boarded the train, for it was the hour when the evening exodus from the City begins, and at the Temple the Law Courts provided quite a large gathering of home-goers. Steve was leaning from the cab of the engine, which was half in and half out of the tunnel, looking back along the platform for the raising of the guard's arm, when his new companion spoke:

"What went wrong with your mate?" he said. "Some said he died suddenly on the engine, and others that he had been drinking. Which was it?"

At the other's voice Steve turned towards him sharply. Was it merely with surprise that the voice of the unshaven, coal-grimed fireman was that of an educated man?

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Mechanically he pressed the lever, and the train moved slowly forward into the blackness of the tunnel, but his gaze was fixed upon his companion, trying to see his face. What was it that had frozen him rigid, so that he forgot to breathe, so that the heart stood still in his breast?

It was a voice which he had heard before too often, the voice of the "gentleman" who, with specious promises and fair words, had persuaded his old father to intrust to him the hard-won savings of a lifetime; and then had disappeared, leaving the old man, his mind unhinged by the blow, to seek refuge from his despair in death by his own hand.

The other turned, so that his face was illuminated by the red glow from the open fire box.

"Great God," cried Steve hoarsely, "it is you."

The fireman's startled cry scarce reached his lips, for his throat was seized in a vice-like grip. One leg he threw around the other's in an instinctive effort to save himself, and one arm round his waist. But Steve's weight was too much for him. For a moment he delayed his fall, as his free hand, clutching wildly, caught hold of the lever, while he clasped his antagonist in a straiter embrace.

The front guard, just as he was in the act of entering his van, which is immediately behind the engine, heard Steve's cry, and saw that something was wrong. So without the loss of an instant, he opened the opposite door, and made his way, not without difficulty, to the tender. As he reached the engine, the lever to which the desperate fireman clung, gave, and the two combatants, locked in each other's grip by hate and fear, cannoned against him, sweeping him from his precarious foothold, and all three rolled from the cab upon the six-foot way.

Throughout the whole length of the train the passengers were thrown violently forward upon those on the opposite seats, as the engine leapt forward at full steam. They righted themselves not much the worse, and looked at each other apprehensively.

All this, although it takes long to tell, had happened so quickly, that at the moment when the train gave its wild lurch forward, the rear guard was still standing on the platform with his furled green flag in his hand, and one arm outstretched, ready to swing

He raced madly along the platform, but there was no chance of his overtaking the train.

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himself into the brake-van as it came up to him.

The sudden jerk the train gave as the lever, pulled by the falling man, released the pent-up steam, and sent it rushing into the pistons, wrenched the commode-rail, on which his fingers already rested, from his grasp.

For a moment he staggered, as though about to fall; and when he recovered himself, it was too late. He raced madly along the platform, but there was no chance of his overtaking the train, and as he reached the end of the station, the two red lights of the driverless, guardless train, disappeared round a curve into the murky gloom of the tunnel.

At Charing Cross consternation and surprise, as the train, now settling down to its best pace, dashed through the station, for a moment paralysed the officials. Their frenzied wire to St. James's Park reached that station just too late to warn the North-Western train, which was due there at the same time as the runaway at Charing Cross.

Fortunately for all in both trains the message, "Runaway train behind. Full steam ahead," overtook the one in front at Victoria. For the run between that station and Sloane Square is so much longer than the others, that, had the train proceeding at its usual leisurely pace, left Victoria unwarned, the uncontrolled Circle Train would probably have had time to overtake it before it reached the station.

As it was, the meaning of the message was not grasped until the signalman's practised ear heard the train thundering through St. James's Park, only the space of one station, instead of the regulation two, behind the preceding one.

Map of the Inner Circle.

Meantime, the operator at Charing Cross had not been idle, but had sent the news on westwards, so that South Kensington and Gloucester Road had a moment or two longer in which to decide what was best to do.

Eastwards, instructions were sent to stop all trains on the outer line, for those who had seen the runaway go past expected every moment to receive the news of the catastrophe which seemed inevitable.

At the signal box just outside South Kensington, where the line for Earl's Court really branches off, there being a double set of rails thence to Gloucester Road, the Circle Train ahead of the North Western had passed when the news came, and the pointsman, who received an excited telephone message, thought that the next behind this, *i.e.*, the North Western, was the runaway. He dared not send this along its proper route, as it would be nearly sure, passing through Earl's Court, to dash at Addison Road into one of the trains coming from West Brompton and Chelsea. He accordingly left the points as they were, and sent it along the circle after the last, hoping for the best.

It uttered a shrill whistle as it passed as though to ask why it was sent along this unaccustomed route, and close behind it clattered the true cause of all this confusion.

When the first Circle Train passed through High Street news of its approach had already been sent on to Notting Hill and Queen's Road. On the line from Hammersmith and Royal Oak, which runs into the Circle at Edgware Road, all trains were at once stopped, though one had unfortunately just passed before tidings of the mishap arrived at the latter station.

At Farringdon Street the instructions to keep all trains in motion clashed with those coming round the other way not to let anything proceed. For a few moments the stationmaster hesitated what to do; but the whistle of a locomotive approaching from King's Cross left him no choice, and he sent forward the train he had been keeping back, and thus fairly started that awful race which will pass down into history in railway annals as one of the most thrilling, and, for those who were in any way concerned in it, one of the most alarming episodes in chronicles which contain no small number of thrilling and exciting tales. For the start of the Farringdon Street train meant the start of the trains in front of it as far as the Temple, where the first train to follow the runaway still stood. Every train on the outer line of the circle was now in motion. Those newly started moved slowly at first, those in charge not realising what was taking place.

It was not until the driver of each heard the warning shriek of the train behind him

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that he grasped the situation, and, opening the throttle of his engine in the hope of keeping ahead of his rapidly approaching pursuer, settled down to that grim race for life. Thinking anxiously on the train behind, he blew his whistle as a warning to the one before him, which he felt he must be only too surely overtaking.

The feelings of the passengers may be better imagined than described, as their train passed through a station without stopping, and then, instead of slowing down, increased its pace. Every passenger probably thought that there was an accident to his own particular train; that the brakes had refused to act, or something of that sort.

And they sat, breathlessly waiting for the crash, which they knew must come as they dashed into the rear of the preceding one, stopping at the next station. Probably the guards and the drivers themselves did not realise the stupendous character of the approaching disaster so fully as did the crowds of would-be passengers who were soon collected on the platforms of the stations.

It was a strange and terrifying spectacle for those who stood on the platforms to see that procession of fury-ridden trains.

The driverless engine, with its fire banked up, a large pressure of steam in its boiler to start with, and its valves open to their fullest extent, naturally kept increasing its speed, and as a consequence the North-Western train in front went faster and faster too, in its efforts not to be run down; and faster and faster went the Circle Train in front of it, and faster the one in front of that.

A strange and terrifying spectacle for those who stood on the platforms it was, to see that procession of fury-ridden trains dash, in ever closer order, from the darkness on the one side, through an ever thickening fog of smoke and steam, into the darkness on the other. The illuminated windows of each train were blurred into one long streak of light, in which, with difficulty, could be distinguished the blanched faces of the doomed passengers within.

Occasionally might be distinguished, as he was flashed by, a stoker throwing more fuel on his fire in the hope of postponing for a little longer the fatal moment when the train behind should overtake that on which he rode.

Those who had come down on the platforms as intending passengers, and who remained there now, waiting in breathless horror for the catastrophe, saw what seemed to them an endless procession of trains.

Of course, it is easy now to point out what might have been done to lessen the number

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of trains, and consequently of lives involved. Had anyone been in a position to grasp the situation as a whole, and to issue instructions simultaneously over the whole system, some of the trains might have been switched off the circle between Sloane Square and South Kensington. One might have been put into the siding at Moorgate, into which the Great Western trains used at one time to run. A second might have been stowed in the Liverpool Street tunnel, which branches off just before Bishopsgate is reached, a third in a siding at Bishopsgate, and another at Aldgate.

But soon after the rush had started it became impossible for anyone to distinguish which was the uncontrolled train, so that no attempt at shunting could be made. Very soon, even had it been possible to distinguish one train from another, the spaces intervening between them had grown so short that, travelling at the pace they were, there would have been no time to re-adjust the points again after switching one off before the next arrived.

So passengers and spectators held their breath and waited. The engines, unaccustomed to the high rate of speed, jolted and strained; the carriages swayed and rocked.

Soon something must give way. An axle would snap, a bolt would start, a piston rod would break, and then—! It was fancying what would happen *then*, in the darkness and confinement of the murky tunnel, when, for any reason, one of the trains ceased to be able to maintain its speed; when, one after another, the succeeding ones threw themselves and their living freights with all the momentum of their tremendous speed upon that flaming, steaming, hissing pile of wreckage, that caused even strong men's nerves to give way.

At every station painful scenes were witnessed. Fainting men and women were carried up the stairs to the fresh air above, while ladies and schoolgirls, bereft for the time of their wits, made their escape from the stations, and fled shrieking through the streets.

In several instances men were only after a desperate struggle prevented by their fellows from throwing themselves upon the line under the wheels of the trains. At first the calm imperturbability of the regularity of the trains on the inner line, travelling in the opposite direction, picking up and setting down passengers in the ordinary way, almost accentuated the horror. But soon, realising the terrible danger which these trains, too, ran, this traffic was stopped and the passengers were made to alight.

At first an attempt was made to clear the stations, but this proved impossible. Fascinated with horror, the bulk of the people refused to move, and remained waiting to see the end. Some indeed obeyed the officials' instructions, and left the stations. The appearance of these bewildered crowds streaming from the exits, only added to the excitement above ground which had already been aroused by the spectacle of fainting men and panic-stricken women being brought into the open air.

We know now that taking part in that fearful chase there were, besides the seven Circle Trains, the Mansion House to Broad Street train, one from Bow to Putney, a Hammersmith, a Richmond, and a New Cross to Wimbledon—twelve in all—and it has been computed that they carried some three thousand passengers.

And at one time it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could prevent all, or at best a large proportion of them, from becoming involved in a collision which would be the most deadly in all the long tale of railway disasters.

We know, too, now, that the miraculous did happen. That out of all that apparently doomed multitude not one suffered so much as a broken limb, though a good number of those who participated in the ride will, it is to be feared, be a long time before they quite recover from the effects of the protracted strain on their nerves.

The only serious casualty in connection with the whole affair was the death of Taylor and the stoker, who in their struggle got on to the inner line of rails, where they were both immediately cut to pieces by an incoming train.

Twice round the fourteen miles of the circle the pursuit grew swifter and wilder, and the trains were now no longer scattered at intervals along the route, but formed one long procession. Then it was noticed that the pace had begun to lessen considerably.

What happened was this:

A Circle Train in front of the procession ran out of steam. She had been due to refill with water at South Kensington, and her boiler began to get low. She kept her pace up nobly as long as she had a drop of water to turn into steam. But at last her speed began to slacken.

The driver of the train behind—the Bow to Putney—who was fearing the same thing for himself before long, found he was gaining on her only too rapidly. He had been husbanding his power, and wasting no particle of steam.

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but when he saw the red lights of the other's brake-van only ten yards ahead of him he pulled the lever and made his engine emit three piercing shrieks.

The guard of the train in front leaned from his window, and made signs to him to slacken speed; but a glance behind him at a curve showed him that his follower was even now gaining upon him.

The interval between him and the red lights grew less and less.

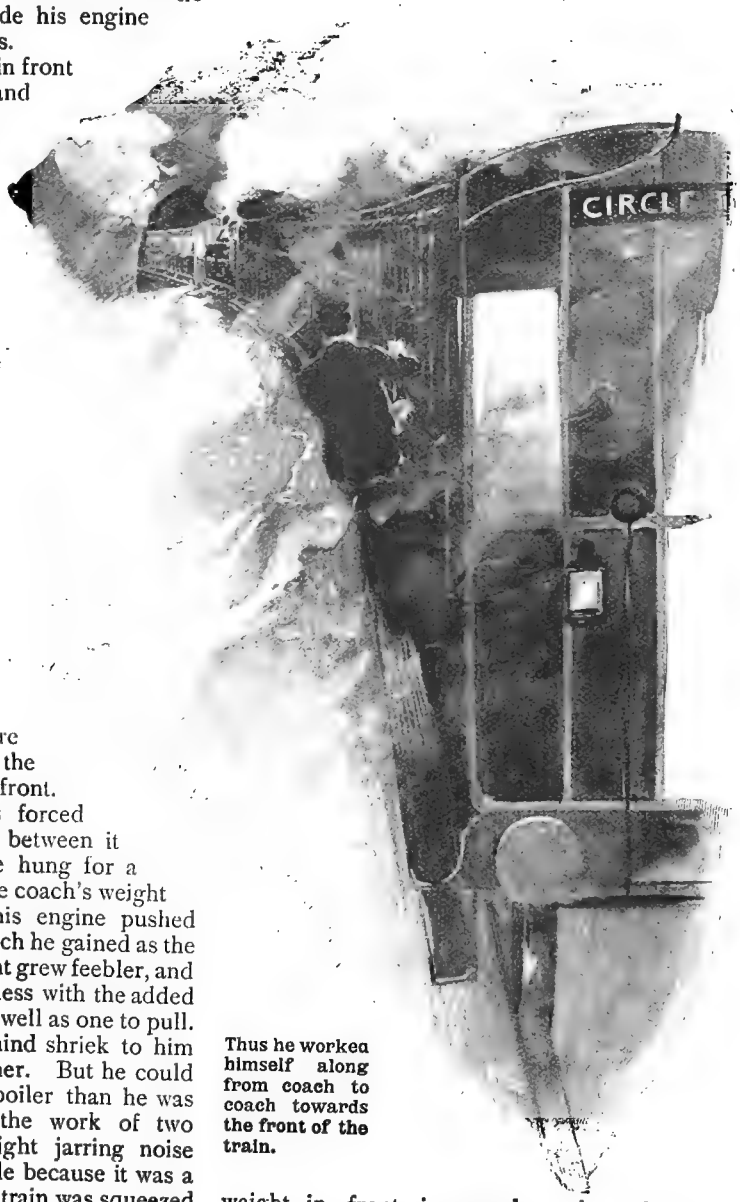
He whistled again. Only two yards divided the trains as they passed through a station, which he thought must be Gower Street, though he had lost all count of exactly where he was. An answering shriek came from the engine of the train which followed him. At King's Cross his buffers were lightly touching those of the guard's van of the train in front.

Gradually the van was forced forwards. The couplings between it and the rear-most carriage hung for a few moments limp, then the coach's weight was added to that which his engine pushed before it. Coach after coach he gained as the efforts of the engine in front grew feebler, and he felt his own pace grow less with the added weight of a train to push as well as one to pull.

He heard the engine behind shriek to him as he had done to the other. But he could get no more out of his boiler than he was doing; was it not doing the work of two already? He heard a slight jarring noise behind him—distinguishable because it was a new one in the din—as his train was squeezed up by the one behind, as the one in front had been by his. Then he saw the first second-class coach gaining on him till it touched his tender, and he knew that he was no longer pulling, but was himself being pushed along.

And thus came salvation. Train after train was driven forward by the inexorable run-away, upon the one preceding it.

And now, fortunately in reality, other engines began to give out, and thus the dead weight in front increased, and gradually retarded the speed of what, in time, became one long united train forced forwards at an ever-slackening speed by the original cause of all this confusion.



Thus he worked himself along from coach to coach towards the front of the train.

When the pace had grown so nearly normal that it was possible to distinguish one train from another, it was found that the driverless one was not any longer quite at the tail of the procession, two others having made such good speed that they had overtaken it.

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The cause of the disaster was now known all round the line, and on every platform were servants of the company watching for an opportunity to do something to put an end to the situation.

Had nothing been done, it seems probable, that now that the closing up process had commenced without mishap, the trains, left to themselves, would in time have come to a standstill.

This desirable consummation was, however, brought about eventually by a driver who was at Blackfriars Station. As the long, close-packed train passed, he distinguished the fact that the cab of engine No. 4511 was tenantless, and, although the pace must still have been something like twenty miles an hour, he succeeded in boarding the train.

The length of the platform gave him just time to leap on to the footboard, open a door, and spring in among the terrified passengers, before the door was shattered and slammed by the brickwork of the tunnel's mouth.

Opening the door opposite to him he stepped out on to the footboard, on the side where the six-foot way gave him plenty of room to stand without risk of being swept off his precarious foothold, and thus worked himself along from coach to coach towards the front of the train.

This was a proceeding not unattended with grave risk, as the coaches jolted against each other round the sharp curves; and he had a long piece of it to do, as he had boarded the train far back.

But at last it was safely accomplished, and he scrambled to the rear of the engine and laid a controlling hand on the lever as they passed through Charing Cross. At Victoria he had slowed her down enough to shout the news of his capture of the runaway to the anxious crowd on the platform, but the presence of the two trains behind did not allow him to pull up anything but very gradually.

It was not till he reached Sloane Square that the wheels of the engine ceased to revolve, and the first passengers to alight stepped out, shaken and scared, but otherwise none the worse for having participated in what will always rank as one of the most remarkable railway journeys that was ever made.

I shudder when I think of it—
The time when Ethel had a fit.

She stopped, and stared, and sighed "How sweet!"
And then she fell in Regent Street.

She fell—and yet she did not drop;
She had the strength to reach a shop.

'Twas there—I groan to think of it—
That Ethel had a "lovely" fit.

She's now recovered, I may say—
For which recovering I pay.

J. J. B.

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HEARTS & HEADS

The Story of some Fools and a Phrenologist.

By Gertie de S. Webster & Horace Wyndham.

I.

Things were not going well with Professor Craniumino, the "World Famous Phrenologist" in public life, and Mr. Samuel Jones in private.

The nobility, gentry, and clergy of Breakwater, as well as the occupants of less exalted spheres in local society, evinced an uncompromising attitude of indifference towards the benefits of phrenological science. The Professor characterised it as criminal, but the Breakwater community heard him unmoved. Even his handbills and posters, in which were set forth in the largest type procurable the manifold and lasting advantages to be derived from patronising him, failed to carry conviction.

In despair the Professor shifted his "studio" to the residential quarter. Securing a large room over the most fashionable tea-shop on the Parade, he hung it with art-muslin draperies; arranged a few paper fans over the mantelpiece, and placed in one corner a Japanese screen specially imported from his Brixton home; on the rickety table stood a second-hand and much-repaired plaster cast; while at intervals round the wall were fastened several occult-looking charts of the human frame.

He even drew up a fresh advertisement, in which it was conclusively demonstrated that Mr. Pierpoint Morgan's commercial success was entirely due to a liberal patronage of phrenology. For all the results, however, that this effusion effected, he might have saved the eighteenpence which the *Breakwater Herald* charged him for inserting it in its columns.

Professor Craniumino regarded the situation gloomily. It was evident that people took more interest in the less important portions of their anatomy. It was disheartening, certainly; still it had to be faced.

"There's no satisfying the public nowadays," he declared, as he glanced with despondent feelings at a letter from his landlord intimating that the rent must be settled or the premises evacuated before the end of the week. "Five years ago I started as a chiropodist, and no one can say that I haven't worked my way up since then. I'd have stopped when I got to their hands if it hadn't been for the law. Palmistry wasn't half a bad lay while it lasted."

A knock at the door interrupted the Professor's reflections. Hastily opening it, he was handed a note by a small boy waiting outside. In less than a minute he had read the contents:

Grand Hotel, Breakwater.
Tuesday morning.

Sir,—

Some time to-day—probably during the afternoon—I shall call upon you, accompanied by a lady, for the purpose of having my bumps read. As I am particularly anxious to appear in a favourable light before my friend, I shall be greatly obliged if you will refrain from discovering anything of a detrimental nature in the course of your examination. At the same time, you will enlarge upon any good qualities revealed by your science. In the event of your delineations giving *complete* satisfaction, I shall be prepared to acknowledge your tact and skill in a suitable fashion. For this purpose I will pay you a second visit to-morrow morning.

Yours faithfully,
Bertram Dalmeney.

P.S.—This communication is *strictly private*, and is not to be alluded to in any way this afternoon.

As he replaced the letter in its envelope, the cloud departed from the Professor's brow.

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"You're on velvet, Sammy, my boy!" he exclaimed delightedly. "This might be worth a fiver to you." Then his business instincts asserted themselves, and he rapidly thought out his plan of campaign. He searched his memory for the masculine attributes that would be most likely to appeal to the average woman, and generously determined to invest his prospective client with all of them.

II.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Professor's visitors arrived—the lady cool and self-possessed, the man obviously ill at ease. It was evident that the latter had been brought by the former, for he subsided into a chair at once, and left his companion to explain the object of their call. She was quite equal to the situation.

"We have been told how clever you are with other people's heads," she commenced ingratiatingly; "and, as this gentleman is anxious to know all about himself, he has called to have his bumps read."

Carefully avoiding his eye, lest an answering glance of recognition should betray to the girl that the consultation was not unexpected, the Professor ran his fingers lightly over the other's head. Then he stroked his ears meditatively.

"You will live to a very great age," he announced in impressive tones, "and," as his fingers wandered over his chin, "I observe an indication that you ought to marry without delay. Moral and religious sentiments are strongly marked. The most prominent of these are liberality, firmness, conscientiousness, intelligence, modesty, hope, spirituality, wisdom, veneration, honesty, benevolence, and—er—conjugality."

At this point the lady looked out of the window, while her companion purred appreciatively.

"Anything more?" he inquired.

The Professor coughed discreetly—a cough eloquent of an assurance that his science could reveal even nobler qualities if its efforts to discover them were suitably recognised.

"Well," he continued, gathering assurance from his client's glance, "the protuberance behind your right ear shows that you would be a good husband, and the one behind your left ear indicates that you are abstemious, truthful, and imbued with a consciousness of the sublime, the vast, and the magnificent. The development of your forehead proves that you are devoid of any meanness where money matters are concerned, and that you are extremely generous towards those who promote your interests by the resources of—er—science. Altogether, it is quite evident that you are a person to be trusted, respected, honoured, and loved, and that anyone whose life may be connected with yours may rest assured of finding an anchorage in safe and pleasant waters."

As he concluded his peroration, the Professor noted with astonishment that the signs of pleasure which he had confidently expected to find on the lady's face were absent. It almost appeared, indeed, as though the expression that rested in her blue eyes was one of disappointment. The man, however, was simply bubbling over with self-satisfaction.

"Well, Mr. Craniumino," he remarked complacently, "that's the best five bobs' worth I've had for a long time. I must look in again to-morrow and hear about the rest of my virtues. I dare say you will think of some more by that time."

Regarding this as a delicate allusion to the promised "acknowledgment," the Professor beamed. Then he politely bowed his visitors from the room.

As they were about to descend the narrow flight of stairs leading to the street, the girl turned back suddenly.

"I think I have left my handkerchief behind me," she observed. "If you go on, I'll follow you directly."

The Professor came forward, inquiry written on his brow.

"Didn't I say enough?" he asked anxiously.

"Quite," replied the other promptly. "Almost too much, in fact. I came back, however, to tell you that I shall be here again at half-past eight to-night."

III.

Punctual to the moment, Professor Craniumino's feminine visitor appeared. She was attended however, on this occasion, by another cavalier. The new comer was a tall well set up man, in every way as different from his predecessor as could be conceived. Frank blue eyes replaced the shifty ones of the last caller, and the expression on the face was one that instinctively inspired confidence, instead of distrust.

To Professor Craniumino, however, all this was as nothing. His Napoleonic mind grasped the evident situation at once. Client No. 2, was, of course, a rival of Client No. 1 for the hand and heart of the lady who had brought them both to his studio.

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His one course of action was plain—to earn the "suitable acknowledgment" delicately hinted at by Mr. Bertram Dalmeney. To do this, he must discover no attractive qualities in the character of the new-comer. At all costs, Phrenology should be equal to the trust reposed in it.

"Pray be seated," he remarked in his most professional tones. "Is it the lady or the gentleman who desires to enlist the aid of science."

"I do," returned the man. "My friend is merely anxious to hear what you may be able to read in my bumps."

The Professor's fingers moved rapidly over the other's brow. It was a little awkward, certainly, to inform a well-built and healthy man that his character left much to be desired; loyalty to his first client, however—coupled with the prospect of a handsome cheque—nerved him for the task.

"You are cautious," he observed, "to a marked degree. The general contour of your head indicates a pronounced fondness for feminine society. I regret to find an entire absence of faithfulness or conjugality." Here a surreptitious kick from the "subject" spurred him to higher efforts. "Liberality," he went on in severe accents, "is absent from your nature, while extravagance, cowardice, gluttony, cunning, meanness, stupidity, conceit, and ill-temper, are all unduly developed. The bump immediately above the right eye-brow shows—"

Client number two jumped hastily to his feet.

"Never mind what that shows," he said curtly. "You needn't trouble to tell me any more. I've heard quite enough. I expect you have, too, Miss Masters?" he added, turning to the girl who had been gazing intently out of the window while the consultation was proceeding.

"Quite," she returned icily.

The Professor felt uneasy, judging from the disappointment plainly intimated in the lady's features that the second delineation pleased her no more than the first one. There was no satisfying some women, he reflected sadly. It scarcely mattered though, he decided, for Mr. Dalmeney's wishes had to be observed.

"I am sorry," he began, "but a conscientious scientist is bound to lay bare esoteric truths, no matter how uncomplimentary they may be."

"No doubt," returned the girl shortly. "It is always best, too, to learn the truth. We need not detain you any longer. Good evening."

"I observe an indication that you ought to marry without delay."

The glance that her cavalier threw at the Professor as he left the room was disquieting. Whatever it indicated was certainly connected in no way with an appreciation of mystic truths.

IV.

When the following morning came, and brought with it no fulfilment of Mr. Bertram Dalmeney's obligation, Professor Craniumino took a jaundiced view of his fellow-creatures.

"It's disgraceful," he exclaimed angrily.

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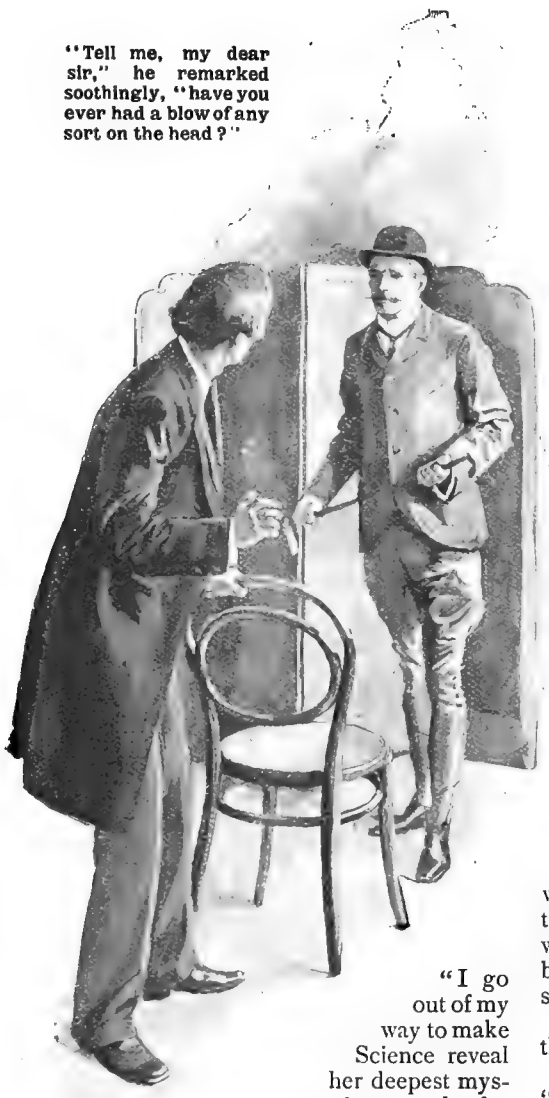

"Tell me, my dear sir," he remarked soothingly, "have you ever had a blow of any sort on the head?"

BARNARD DAVIS

"I go out of my way to make Science reveal her deepest mysteries, and the fellow hasn't even the grace to say thank you. I'm glad I took my ordinary fee in advance, but I wish I'd told the girl the truth about him. If ever she marries him, though, she'll find out what a low, mean-spirited, stingy, unreliable, intemperate, dishonest, selfish, conceited, lazy creature he is. She won't want a phrenologist to tell her that!"

He turned to his correspondence in disgust. There was but one letter for him. Its contents were a little disturbing:—

DEAR SIR,—

Can Phrenology ever make mistakes? I felt much distressed by your revelations of yesterday evening, because I had hoped to hear nothing but good of the gentleman who accompanied me on that occasion. The delineation you gave the friend whom I brought to your studio in the afternoon is, on the other hand, of very little interest to me. Notwithstanding the ardent promptings of my heart, I naturally hesitate to contemplate the possibility of a union with one who possesses the lamentable traits you mentioned during my second visit.

Any hope you may be able to give me, will, even though its nature should cast a doubt on the genuineness of your science, be regarded as strictly private by

Yours faithfully,

CLAIRETTE MASTERS.

P.S.—Should you contrive to ease my mind, I shall have much pleasure in forwarding a suitable mark of my appreciation.

Professor Craniumino stared at the letter blankly. "Well, I seem to have put my foot into it this time," he muttered. "Still, in the light of her friend's instructions, what was I to do?"

Before he had time to settle this question satisfactorily, the door was flung open and the visitor of the previous evening burst into the room, a business like hunting-crop under his arm.

"What the blazes did you mean by it, you swindling idiot?" he demanded angrily.

The Professor placed a chair between himself and his questioner.

"I don't understand you," he stammered uneasily.

"Then you're a fool, as well as a rogue," was the reply. "I write you a note, saying that I would call with a lady, and that you were to give a *flattering* delineation of my bumps. Instead of doing anything of the sort, you——"

The Professor collapsed nervously into the chair.

"Did you write that note?" he gasped. "The one signed Bertram Dalmeney?"

"Certainly I did. Then you got it after all?"

"But, my dear sir, you said you were coming in the *afternoon*."

"I said *probably*, you idiot," answered the other with a withering glance. "Miss Masters preferred the evening. Still, that has nothing whatever to do with it."

The Professor rose to his feet.

"It has—everything," he replied, "Of course I took my afternoon visitor for you and gave *him* the character I had intended for yourself."

"Whew!" exclaimed Bertram Dalmeney. "That is why that little counter-skipping bounder, Jonas Studd, looks so pleased with

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himself this morning, is it? Now, my friend, having got me into this mess the best thing you can do is to get me out of it again—and jolly quickly, too," he added threateningly.

"But how?" ejaculated the Professor feebly.

"By your infernal phrenology of course. Miss Masters doesn't know anything about it, or else she'd never have made me consult you. Consequently, she'll believe anything you like to say. I'll trouble you accordingly to write and explain that you made a mistake yesterday. Now then, don't waste any more time."

The significant manner in which his visitor brandished the hunting-crop he carried was not lost on the Professor. It inspired him to action.

"Tell me, my dear sir," he remarked soothingly, "have you ever had a blow of any sort on the head?"

"When I was a boy I was hit by a cricket-ball. I know someone else, though, who will be hit by a hunting crop directly, if he asks me any more silly questions."

"Pray, don't be so hasty!" answered the other, edging nearer the door. "One question more, have you ever mentioned this accident to Miss Masters?"

"Frequently, but what the—"

"Then everything is quite simple. Now, sir, I have only to tell Miss Masters that this fact completely reverses my delineation of yesterday's date."

"Well, write the letter at once."

The Professor required no second bidding. Hastily snatching up a sheet of paper, he wrote a few lines on it and then read them to his now somewhat mollified client:—

DEAR MADAM,—

With regard to my delineation of the character of the gentleman who accompanied you yesterday *evening*, I omitted to state one important fact. This is, that if by any chance your friend has ever received a blow on the head from a hard object like a cricket-ball, my reading of his bumps must be *entirely reversed*. Consequently, where I mentioned cowardice, greed, cunning, meanness, and ill-temper, etc., there would really exist qualities that are *precisely opposite* to these. I may add that my private conviction is that your friend *has* experienced the accident I refer to, and that a question from you will elucidate this fact.

Concerning the gentleman whom you brought to me in the *afternoon* I would like to say in *entire confidence*, that the delineation I made of him was not in *strict accordance* with the real state of things. In the presence of a lady, however, I was unable to go into details at the time.

The fact is, there are moments when it is best for Phrenology to dissemble.

Relying on your further patronage, I inclose herewith a few of my business cards, and beg to remain,

Yours obediently,
CRANIUMINO, F.P.I. (Fellow Phrenological Institute), A.S.S., (Associate, Society of Science), E.T.C., (Et Cetera).

"That will do," remarked Mr. Dalmeny briefly. "I'll post it."

Extract from the *Breakwater Herald*:

Mr. Jonas Studd has left Breakwater and returned to Clapham.

Extract from Professor Craniumino's correspondence:

Aldershot, *January*, 1903.

Dear Mr. Craniumino,—I send you herewith a small cheque for £5 5*s*. (five guineas) as a slight acknowledgment of your skill as a character-delineator.—Yours gratefully,
CLAIRETTE DALMENEY (MASTERS).

Army and Navy Club, W.
January, 1903.

Captain Bertram Dalmeney presents his compliments to Professor Craniumino, and begs to enclose cheque for £10 10*s*. (ten guineas) on account of services rendered.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

We meet to-day,
To-morrow we are parted—
You go away
Another *rôle* to play,
And I am sad, alack-a-day,—
Quite broken-hearted!

A year goes by—
To me it seems unending;
Bereft, I sigh
Because you are not nigh,
Yet, all the while (I wonder why?)
My heart is mending.

We meet once more,
To find our notes miscarried—
We meet once more,
But sigh not as before,
Because *another I* adore—
While *you* are married!!!

ARTHUR ANDERSON.

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VERE ARDAGH AND HER TROUBLES.

A true Glimpse of the envied but unenviable Life of a Society Girl, showing how She is debarred from many childish Pleasures, and made old before Her Time.

By Frances Clifden.

I.

I EXPECT you have all seen little Vere Ardagh, exquisitely dressed—and dressed "correctly"—whether for coroneted motor, pony-cart, victoria, or brougham, driving in the park, or on her father's coach at Ranelagh where she holds a miniature court occasionally in the season. I have no doubt, too, that most of you have envied her. The average child—the average "grown-up" for that matter—might well be excused the desire to change places with her. A life lived in pleasant ways hers is at present, and as it bids fair to be "for ever after," it looks remarkably like a "fairy-tale come true," on the surface.

Her father, Lord Mendell, has a house in Park Lane, a moor in Scotland, a deer park in S——shire, and "show-place" which is thrown open to an envious public on certain days of the year. I went there once, *incognita*, for an hour's amusement last summer to listen to the comments of the crowd. Of course, the rooms which the family generally frequent—the rooms which, as an old family friend, I knew best—were closed to the outside world. But a door which led upon Vere's suite of apartments happened to be ajar, and the draught blew it wide to the gaze of an amazed and admiring throng of spectators.

"Just look at her toys!" an envious mother murmured, as her eyes wandered slowly over the bright-looking living-room, with its rich carpet, and comfortable chairs, chief amongst which stood out Vere's own specially dainty little "baby-chair" inlaid with gold-leaf and mother-of-pearl.

"What a schoolroom too—how a child must delight in those swings and bars and pummelling bags—why, it's a regular gymnasium! Do you see those fencing-foils, don't they call them, over in the corner? And oh——!" A long drawn sigh of admiration. "Of course, this is her bedroom—did you ever imagine such daintiness? All white and blue—just look at those brocaded curtains! That silk was never bought under eight-and-sixpence a yard, I'm sure. What a lucky little girl she is—just think of her having nothing to do, and such a lovely place to do it in, all day long!"

"Nothing to do?" That's all you know about the matter, poor, harassed, middle-class mother, whose own children are probably happier far than little Vere Ardagh, for all her aristocratic features, and the wealth and social position which you covet!

II.

Vere does not easily make friends. Nor does she confide in many persons.

I was at school with her mother and am one of a chosen few to whom Vere unfolds occasionally. One morning in Park Lane when she found me curled up on the lounge in

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the drawing-room looking down upon the ever-changing scene immediately below, which will spell fascination for me to the end of all time—the contrasting worlds of omnibus land and motors mixing as one at Stanhope Gate in a sunny interval in the season—she broke out:

"Didn't your Miss Burton ever scold you when you sat like that?" (Miss Burton is the governess, and a terror.)

I looked down; uncrossed my legs, rather hurriedly, and sat up straighter, instinctively. Meanwhile, with much forethought and care, Vere disposed herself bolt upright on the settee, with her feet stretched out, in the position of lady-like discomfort to which we must hope custom had inured her.

"It's so long since I had a Miss Burton that I'm afraid I've forgotten."

Vere brightened.

"Perhaps I shall be let forget when I'm as old as you?"

I was glad of the lapse. Miss Burton has taught Vere to enunciate her words with the precision of a combined grammar and elocution lesson, and the child's naturally pretty voice bids fair to be "cultivated" out of all its early simplicity.

"Miss Burton says that lots of children envy me," she went on thoughtfully after a minute. "Do you think that's true?"

I considered.

"You have a lot of treats, Vere, you know. Just think of all the parties you go to, and the lovely presents you are given. Why lots of grown-up ladies haven't got such pretty sets of gold-backed toilet-things as you have. Your room always makes me think of the Wonder Book story of King Midas' 'Golden Touch.' You remember everything he touched turned into gold?"

There was a pause.

"His little daughter didn't very much like King Midas having the Golden Touch, did she?" Vere suggested politely.

I went on hastily.

"You visit at beautiful big houses, which

Every day in the life of a Society child her hair is brushed for at least half-an-hour.

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other children would give their heads even to see. Then think of the splendid seat you had at the Coronation—inside the Abbey, by a special privilege—lots of children either didn't see it at all, or if they did, had to stand in the crowd for hours. Then look at the bazaars you've danced at, and the concerts you've sold programmes for, and the tableaux you've acted in. That pretty photograph of mummy and you, and the Royalties you played with at Hatworth, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' has been published in nearly every weekly journal in the land, I should think. Lots of children would think that great fun, as well as a great honour."

Vere's eyes opened wide.

"Would they? How funny!" She gave a little sigh, and relaxed the studied stiffness of her attitude a tiny degree.

"It's all so tiring. Why, the ordinary days are tiring enough—but those extra days, that start like fairy tales and go so wrong, are —worse than any."

I looked at the dark lines under the big eyes and cut short the moral lecture I had almost started on, then and there.

"Suppose you tell me all about them, Vere."

"The nights are the worst," she said, after a moment's pause. "Sometimes at night I'm so tired I don't know what to do. The nurse I loved so said once it wasn't healthy tiredness, and—and then she was sent away." The sensitive mouth drooped a little. "I was so sorry. I liked her. She used to call me 'poor Baby,' sometimes. Miss Burton said that wasn't quite polite. I can't see why, can you?"

I waited.

"The tiring times start with the morning," Vere went on. "They're such a lot of fuss and worry. Mummy has never let my face be washed with anything but milk for my complexion, you know, and it has to be kneaded and massaged very gently afterwards, and that takes such a time. Then I have some lotion stuff dropped into my eyes—it makes them bright, Nurse says, and some day I'll be glad—but it makes morning dressing very long and tiresome. Then my hair is brushed for a whole half hour always, and that is such a bother on sunny days when you'd like to go out in the gardens if you're here, or in the deer park at home." (Mendell is always "home" to Vere.) "Then my nails are manicured for a quarter of an hour every morning, and a whole hour once a week, and then, too, before breakfast, I have a whole half hour's gymnasium practice to 'improve my figure.'

"Breakfast comes at last—I do want it by that time!" She laughed. "It's oatmeal and fish and fruit all the year round, you know, except when I'm ill. Children coming to stay with me are often allowed bacon and kidneys, and chicken done up, and nice things like that, but mummy says too much meat is coarsening. So I only have it once a day. Then I have three hours of lessons with Miss Burton—you said once they were really quite hard ones, didn't you?

"When morning lessons are over, I go out for a walk in the park, but that means dressing up again, and all the time Miss Burton is watching if I lounge or stoop—and it makes it feel so lessonny again. After dinner, I lie down in the dark for half-an-hour with my arms close to my side. Miss Burton says it makes 'the muscles relax and so I sha'n't get lines in my face before my time.'

"Then there are the afternoons. Those are all classes, nearly—riding lessons, dancing, elocution." She stopped again. "Leila and May" (Leila and May are Vere's cousins, and their mother, Lady Heatherly, is a sensible woman and brings them up in the country, letting them run wild in the garden and be as noisy and dirty as their hearts desire) "Leila and May often make things in wax and putty, and I wanted to, but mummy wouldn't let me. She said I was careless enough about my fingers as it was—mummy is always so 'special' about fingers.

"After tea in the summer time I have another walk, and that means dressing up again, you see. Or I drive with mummy." She paused. "I like that—sometimes. Not when we only drive in the park. You never get anywhere, and it's all the same—and people stop you all the time and talk and talk. People do spoil things so, don't they, Miss Clifden? Ranelagh and Hurlingham would be nice if it weren't for them."

"You like Mendell best?" I suggested. "There's the pony there, and you like riding him."

Her face lit up.

"Dandy's a dear," she said. "I love riding to the Meets—oh, that *is* fun, I went to nearly every one last season—and sometimes mummy rode with me, and sometimes she drove in the motor or the big waggonette when there were an extra lot of people staying, and almost everyone wanted mounts. I like coming back and having a lovely hot bath, just like mummy's. Once she gave me

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some nice smelling violet stuff to put into it, and it was so good.

"And then the hounds are so nice. We've got one or two baby hounds now—such dears. Nurse called them 'little dogs' once—and wasn't it dreadful of me? I laughed at her! She didn't seem to know the difference between dogs and hounds! We've got a hospital for the sick ones, you know, just out beyond the kennels, where the healthy ones live. You haven't been down to Mendell since daddy was made Master, have you, Miss Clifden?

"The stables are lovely now—we've got all the hunt horses as well as our own, and daddy and mummy and I take visitors round to see them after church on Sunday."

"You had lunch with some of the shooting parties last year, didn't you?"

Her face glowed.

"Yes, that was fun. Lord Darroll took care of me—and he kills his birds so clean, you don't mind. But the gun on his right that day was an American——" she shuddered. "Oh, he was dreadful. One poor cock pheasant was blown nearly to bits; he came tumbling down right at my feet—I can't think how he struggled so far." She grew pale at the recollection.

"What do you do when you come home?" I asked, to turn her thoughts.

"Change my things first, of course, Mummy says people ought to look very

"What an extraordinary attitude for a young lady in your position."

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Lady Heatherly went up to the bed, and knelt beside her.

dainty after being out shooting. I like those big shooting teas, don't you? Mummy lets me come down to them sometimes. Once when you were there, you made all the people come on into the schoolroom afterwards and play 'Piladex' with me, didn't you?"

In her excitement she had curled herself up quite naturally beside me. For once the big eyes were thoroughly bright and "awakened," but in a sense they seemed to accentuate the delicacy of her face.

"And—and then?" I asked.

But the light died out as I looked, and the child's whole figure stiffened perceptibly. Beyond her at the open door Miss Burton stood waiting.

"Vere!" A long pause. "What an extraordinary attitude for a young lady in your position."

"Position be hanged!" I said mutinously. I am rather a privileged person in the Mendell household. "We were quite happy, weren't we, Vere?"

"Quite happy, thank you, Miss Clifden," said the sedate, prim little voice, which always makes my heart sink.

III.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

Vere is—almost dying. . . . I can hardly write about it. They have nearly killed her between them all—with the rush and drive of this last season. They have fussed and worried all the pleasant youth out of that sad little face with their endless efforts to make it more beautiful by unnatural means—as if the sunburned, healthy complexion of a child who is let loose in the open were not an infinitely more beautiful thing than Vere's hot-house "fragility."

I really thought I should almost kill Lady Mendell the other day. Vere had been selling "souvenirs" at a big bazaar all the afternoon—ands uddenly she fell down in a dead faint on the ground. Lord Darroll happened to be standing near to the refreshment stall; he seized hold of a glass of water. Would you believe it? Even at that moment Lady Mendell's ridiculous "crank" on the subject of complexions asserted itself. She literally ran forward and caught it from him.

"Get milk, for Heaven's sake!" she panted. "I have never allowed Vere's face to be touched with anything but milk."

Lord Darroll gave her one look. The next instant——

Google

"It will be now," he said, and emptied a whole jugful over her.

* * * * *

The doctor has just been again. She has day and night nurses. They fear the brain is affected. She wanders all the time, and always about being "so tired, so very tired, mummy! Must I do my exercises quite so long?" or "My head does ache so, nurse. Must I have my hair brushed for quite a whole half hour?" and things like that.

Lady Mendell is distracted, and I think Lord Mendell is heartbroken. Perhaps they are beginning to see what a mad fetish Vere's little life and brain have run the risk of being sacrificed to. That the child may be one degree more beautiful in the future, and so make one degree more brilliant a marriage, they have spoiled half her natural charm and enjoyment of life now.

There is something positively vulgar in the way that some modern society children are written up and paragraphed, and their doings reported, almost to as great an extent as those of their elder sisters. Now and again a delicate one pays the penalty of living a life beyond her years, and just "goes out."

LATER IN THE WEEK.

The Heatherlys were wired to the day before yesterday—Lady Heatherly is devoted to her little niece. From that moment Vere seemed to revive. She knew her almost at once: she is the first person whom she has definitely recognised. There is now a faint flicker of hope. . . .

STILL LATER.

Vere has turned the corner, and is "doing well." Lady Mendell came in and told me, and broke down utterly. She is so cold and hard always, I never knew it was in her to feel so. And presently Lady Heatherly came in with even better news. So well was Vere progressing, that, humanly speaking, she is now quite safe.

"I looked at the appointments of her room, and at her toilet-table, and almost shuddered," said Lady Heatherly. "So much done for her on the surface—so little really done. May and Leila have moments of envying Cousin Vere—they think she has such an 'awfully good time,' but I think they understand better now. I've tried to make them give up things for their amusements—and they've grown healthy and hearty in their love of real sport. Vere has apparently always done things easily—and that's the hardest way in the end. She has never been talked to even of the real 'things that count.' Like so many others, she has been brought up to think that a blemish in the complexion was a matter of as great—or greater—importance than a lie. No wonder that half the modern Society girls turn out so badly—that they live only for pleasure as wives and mothers—when they have been taught in such a school!"

From the sick room somebody called us. It was night, and the softly-graded shades of the electric light shed a faint glow of colour upon the waxen face of the sick child.

Lady Heatherly went up to the bed, and knelt beside her. I stood near.

"Isn't it lovely, auntie? Mummy says I may go away with you and May and Leila for ever and ever so long when I'm well," I heard the faint voice murmur.

And I think, perhaps, only I heard Lady Heatherly's reply.

"Thank God! Perhaps He'll show me how to make you forget you're 'a Society child,' Vere darling."

Something Novel for Holiday Makers.

The Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is tired of hackneyed holidays; he thinks that the seaside, the ordinary sort of mountaineering, tours on foot, cycle, or motor, are all played out. What he wants to hear about is a really original holiday—a holiday spent in a way a little different from any other man's holiday.

He is so keen on hearing about holidays of this sort that he is offering a prize of £50 for an account, illustrated with photographs, of the most original holiday: full particulars of expense, etc., should be given: and, other things being equal, a cheap holiday will have an advantage over an expensive one.

For fuller details see the current number of ***PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.***

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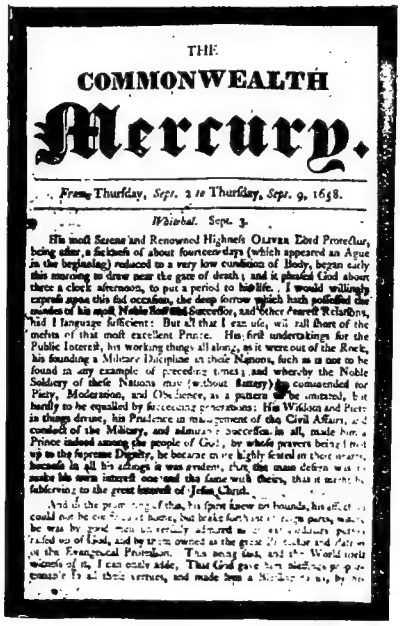

THE
COMMONWEALTH
Mercury.

From Thursday, *Sept.* 2 *to* Thursday, *Sept.* 9, 1658.

Whitehal. Sept. 3.

His most Serene and Renowned Highnes OLIVER Lord Protector, being sicke, a sickness of about fourteen days (which appeared an Ague in the beginning) reduced to a very low condition of body, began early this morning to draw near the gate of death; and it pleased God about three a clock afternoon, to put a period to his life. I would willingly expresse upon this sad occasion, the deep sorrow which hath possessed the soules of his most Noble Relict and Successor, and other Assured Relations, had I language sufficient: But all that I can utter, will fall short of the merits of that most excellent Prince. His first undertakings for the Public Interest, his working things all along, as it were out of the Rock, his founding a Militare Discipline in their Nations, such as is not to be found in any example of preceding times; and whereby the Noble Soldiery of these Nations may (without flattery) be commended for Piety, Moderation, and Obedience, as a pattern to be imitated, but hardly to be equalled by succeeding generations: His Wisdom and Piety in things divine, his Prudence in management of the Civil Affairs, and conduct of the Military, and admirable successes in all, made him a Prince indeed among the people of God, by whose prayers being lifted up to the Supreme Dignity, he became highly seated in their hearts, because in all his doings it was evident, that the main design was to make his own interest one and the same with theirs, that is, mainly to adhere to the great interest of Jesus Christ.

And as the progress of this his spirit knew no bounds, his affections could not be confined to home, but broke forth into forreign parts, where he was by good men universally admired as the only instrument raised up by God, and by them owned as the great Champion and Patron of the Evangelical Protestant. This many can, and the World will witness of me, I can easily adde, That God gave him many singular priviledges peculiarly to all those Nations, and made him a Blessing to many, by his

A newspaper nearly two hundred and fifty years old, announcing the death of Oliver Cromwell.

Picture Paragraphs

The Editor Wants Anyone in Possession of Photographic Curiosities to send them in. Those suitable for Publication he will pay liberally for.

A wonderful natural picture in the grain of a log of wood.

AN ANCIENT NEWSPAPER.

HERE is a curious old newspaper. It is the *Commonwealth Mercury,* published for the week, Thursday, 2nd to the 9th September, 1658. It tells how the Most Serene and Renowned Highness Oliver Lord Protector, having been ill for fourteen days, died. Then there is a eulogy of the great Cromwell, couched in the warmest terms.

You will see the old-fashioned form of the letter "s" written **f**.

LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM A DISTANCE, PLEASE.

The original of the picture reproduced here was painted by a Vienna artist. I don't admire his taste, for the subject is not pleasant. The little girls that you see here innocently playing with their toys on a balcony, will to-morrow, perhaps, be better portrayed by the picture looked at from a distance. You will then see a hideous skull, with big caverns where the eyes used to be, and a row of grinning teeth. The eyes are formed by the children's heads, the nose by the head of the favourite dog, and the toys represent the teeth.

By permission of *Heck, Vienna.*

Look at this picture from a distance. You will see a death's head, quite as vividly as you could wish. Then take a closer and more careful inspection of it.

A WONDERFUL PICTURE IN THE GRAIN OF A PIECE OF WOOD.

Nature is full of fads and fancies. Here is an example of her waywardness. It shows Nature as a photographer. The representation of a man's face in the grain of a piece of poplar wood is no faked design from the pencil of an artist, but the genuine work of Nature. No explanation can be given of the phenomenon. It is simply a freak of Nature.

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Photo, Davey Photographic Company.

The native women of the Sandwich Islands ride astride on their shaggy native horses.

THE LADY RIDERS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

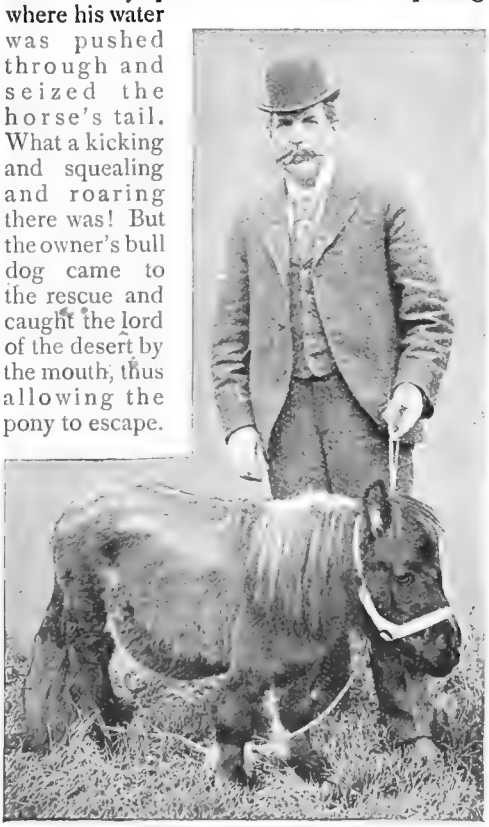
In the Hawaiian or the Sandwich Islands, as they are usually called, the men and women are great riders. The women ride astride, dressed in a kind of divided skirt, which is like the old-fashioned riding habit of this country in that each skirt hangs down almost to the ground on either side of the horse. The riding habits are of the brightest colours imaginable, and the women make a fine show for themselves when mounted on their strong country ponies, whose long manes and tails are always carefully combed and brushed. The natives of the islands are coloured like half-castes, and many of them are strikingly handsome.

THE SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD.

Age, seven years; height, twenty-two and a half inches; weight, seventy-three pounds, in other words, five stone three pounds—those are the measurements of the smallest horse in the world. Then there is his history, a career of wild and thrilling adventure. Lilliputian, as his name is, was born on an island off the coast of South America. He lived on top of a cliff with a lot of other small horses. He was much admired by the natives. But one day a man came along and stole him and another pony, lowering them over the edge of the cliff into a boat that was moored at the foot.

The natives made a hot pursuit in their canoes; the thief, however, got safely off with his spoil. But one of the horses unfortunately died, and Lilliputian was left without a mate.

He soon recovered from his loss, and was sold to a circus manager. He is now greatly admired and leads a happy life save for a little difference of opinion between himself and the lion, a big black-maned fellow with no manners. Lilliputian was browsing too near his cage one day, and the lion stretched out a hairy paw into the small opening where his water was pushed through and seized the horse's tail. What a kicking and squealing and roaring there was! But the owner's bull dog came to the rescue and caught the lord of the desert by the mouth, thus allowing the pony to escape.



"Lilliputian" is the smallest horse in the world. He is only twenty-two and a half inches high.

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· HOW · TO · KEEP · FIT ·

A most beneficial exercise for getting the body into trim. Stand erect, heels together, then raise the thigh till it is at right angles to the body—

—then swing it backwards and forwards as far as possible, occasionally changing legs.

Showing how Rational Exercise is the Royal Road to Health.

By Margaret H. Hallam.

Public opinion as to what constitutes exercise varies considerably. To some, a dreary country walk, with no object in view except to cover a certain distance in a given time and imbibe a certain amount of fresh air, fulfils every possible requirement in this respect. Others, again, consider it necessary to half-kill themselves by violent gymnastics.

There is no excuse for anybody, man, woman, or child, who fails to get a sufficient amount of exercise. But I hear someone remarking, "exercise is merely a modern craze. Our grandfathers got on very well without it, and so shall we."

These benighted persons, daily, I am glad to say, decreasing in number, go on their self-satisfied way—fortunately for them getting a great deal more exercise than they are aware of and so preserving a fair standard of health. But intentionally these people avoid exerting themselves; they drive or go by train everywhere, and are occupied with more or less sedentary pursuits during the day. If bad health should set in they have only themselves to thank.

What is known as physical culture would be almost unnecessary if everyone made the most of the natural gymnastics that lie at their very front doors, so to speak.

The very mounting of the steps that lead to that front door is a commendable form of exercise; the turning of a latch-key develops the wrists. But it needs a good deal of strength of mind laboriously to go through, time after time, day after day, a series of arm and leg exercises; even breathing exercises cease to be amusing after a time, and unless a thing brings a certain amount of enjoyment in its train not half the good is done that may be reasonably expected.

Let everyone, therefore, before resorting to set gymnastics make the most of their opportunities. What restless nights arising from rumpled sheets and hard pillows might be averted if men and women made their own beds, and what splendid arms they would develop as a just reward! The girl who would possess a figure to rival the Capitoline Venus should sweep, dust, and thoroughly turn out, whenever occasion demands, her own room. I won't suggest that mankind should seek to enter too easily into woman's domain, for the over-domesticated man is a terrible nuisance, but he may, with advantage, carpenter and garden to his heart's desire.

A good old-fashioned romp with the children before their bedtime will benefit the grown-ups quite as much as the little people themselves. But everyone cannot find time or opportunity to indulge in domestic gymnastics, and for those that cannot simple exercises are invaluable.

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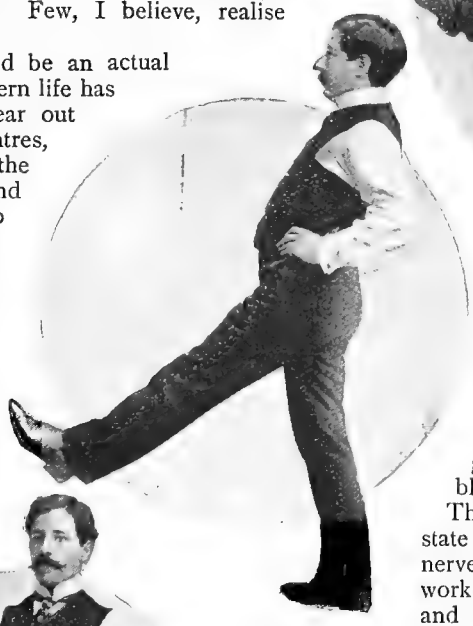
I have before said that exercise to do good must be enjoyable. It must be regular, and the aim should be to make every muscle instinct with life, to raise the standard of health to as high a level as possible, and, having found the level, to maintain it. Clearly this state of things will not be brought about by overdoing. Physical culture is a craze at the present moment. Its devotees proclaim that by varied exercises it is possible to cure every ailment under the sun. It is, of course, manifestly absurd to regard exercise as a quack medicine, though, undoubtedly, wonders may be performed by very simple means. Many people know that exercise is necessary to their well-being. Few, I believe, realise why.

Stand on one leg, with the hands on hips, swinging the other leg——

Exercise should be an actual recreation. Modern life has a tendency to wear out certain nerve centres, and meanwhile the disused organs and muscles fall into decay through want of use. The consequence is that the individual becomes in the condition known as below par, and is pretty sure to suffer from some or all of the following complaints: Colds, constipation, corpulence, skin troubles, biliousness, stiffness of joints, low spirits, liver, dyspepsia, nervousness, neuralgia, sleeplessness, general debility, and poverty of blood. Truly, an alarming list!



——backwards and forwards as far as possible, but keeping the knee-joint straight.

The remedy for this deplorable state of things is, then, to rest the nerve centres that have been overworked, and exercise the organs and muscles hitherto lying idle. Naturally, it is useless to prescribe the same treatment for everybody, but a few general rules may be laid down and adapted to each individual case for the betterment of things. Especially do I advocate the following method of procedure to those whose occupations are of a more or less sedentary nature.

Vary the above exercise by occasionally swinging the leg from side to side, describing as much of a circle as possible.

Man, speaking generally, was not intended for office life; but civilisation demands that a large section of humanity shall spend their lives upon an office stool. Consequently, then, their muscular development leaves something to be desired and some of the ailments already enumerated are pretty sure to beset them. Now, brain and muscle, muscle and brain act and re-act on each other in a most marvellous way, and, not only are the voluntary and involuntary muscles of the body developed, but also the mental powers are increased by systematic suitable exercises. Indeed, to quote a well-known authority, "sufficient exercise is necessary for the perfect performance of mental work."

While the beneficial effects of exercise are so great, it is necessary to remember that an appalling amount of harm may be occasioned by suddenly indulging in violent gymnastics

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An ordinary game of "catch ball" is a wonderful aid to health and physical fitness.

or sports of some sort or description. The ordinary professional or business man and woman, when away on a holiday, are too apt to indulge spasmodically in exhaustive exercise, and they are much surprised that they feel extremely ill after their well-meant, but misplaced endeavours.

The cause is this. The unaccustomed movements produce a state of things known as "Blockage," which means that the heart and lungs are not working in unison. The lungs fail to absorb a sufficient amount of oxygen, consequently the arteries become blocked with impure blood. In gentle, regular movements, on the other hand, the arteries have to accommodate themselves to the incessant heart action and the lungs, realising what is expected of them, act like gentlemen.

Professor Ling, the greatest authority on such matters, recommends that system be adopted, so that culture of one muscle is not developed at the expense of others.

I. Commence with a breathing exercise.
II. A leg movement.
III. An arm movement.
IV. Abdominal movement.
V. Trunk movement.
VI. Another leg movement.
VII. Complete the course with a leg exercise.

The effect of such judicious exercises are to quicken and deepen the breathing.

This accelerates the circulation and increases the chest measurement. Breathing and arm exercises have already been described in a former article in the ROYAL, but in order to refresh the memory I will briefly state that one of the simplest and best exercises is as follows:

Lie perfectly flat on the floor, the legs straight, the arms lying by the sides, palms uppermost; raise these slowly over the head till the finger tips touch the ground at the back, taking in a long breath meanwhile. As soon as the fingers touch the floor the return movement should be commenced and the breath slowly expired.

A leg movement which is most beneficial is as follows: Stand erect, heels together, toes out. Raise the thigh till it is at right angles with the body, then repeat the movement, substituting the left leg for the right; perform this exercise twelve times.

The leg exercises are as follows, and are easily understood by a careful study of the accompanying photographs. The second photograph depicts the reverse movement of the first, the heels in this case should touch the thigh, the leg as far as the knee remaining perfectly straight.

The third exercise once more depicts the entire leg at right angles to the body, and again stretching it as far out at the back as possible.

The next is a swinging exercise and acts upon the abdominal muscles, and has a most beneficial result on the internal organs as well. The hands should be placed on the hips and the leg to be exercised swung to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, the knee kept rigid meanwhile. This is varied by describing as much of a circle as possible with each leg, while standing. The lady who is unduly stout will find this an invaluable exercise for inducing thinner proportions.

Next, lie upon the floor and, holding the hips firmly, describe as complete a semi-circle as possible with each leg alternately. This, too

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is wonderful in its effects upon the involuntary muscles, and by the involuntary muscles I mean those muscles that act day and night without the will of the possessor.

The next series of exercises are to be taken entirely for the benefit of the internal organs. Lie on one side, the arms tightly clasped, the knees drawn up, and roll briskly from side to side twenty times,

A splendid exercise for nearly all the muscles in the body is this. Be careful to keep the body rigid, as well as the leg which is raised into the air.

Assuming this position, roll rapidly from side to side twenty times. It is a splendid remedy for liver ills.

seeing that the whole of the body moves in unison, and not in detachments. This is an excellent medicine for a fit of the blues brought on by a liver attack.

Now, it always seems to me that it is a distinct effort strenuously to set to work and go through a series of gymnastic exercises. I therefore append a few movements which are marvellous in effect, and which combine exercise and pleasure at the same time. Battledore and shuttlecock is a game over which it is possible even for an adult to get up a certain amount of enthusiasm. It exercises and brings into play nearly every muscle in the body during the various evolutions. The arms and legs come into conspicuous use, and the abdomen and the trunk movements are not neglected—especially in the act of stooping to pick up the shuttlecock. Also lightness and grace are

Shuttlecock is a game that need not be despised even by adults.

The different movements—bending down, reaching high up, and so on, are splendid muscle and figure developers.

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Cricket is a great game both for men and women; overhand bowling especially is wonderfully good for the general well-being of the body.

cultivated at the same time in no small degree.

Ball, again, should be played by every man and woman in the empire. Learn to throw over arm if you would possess a physique fit for a Greek goddess. The Greeks recognised the value of all games and pastimes, and saw that their youths and maidens were proficient in them; running, leaping, wrestling, hurling the lance, fencing, the game of ball, lifting and carrying weights, and boxing, were all among their accomplishments.

Running, by-the-by, is a most excellent thing, but it is necessary to train for it. This you must do regularly and not by fits and starts. You must be lightly clad and run a short distance, for about two hours, after which increase the time daily.

Variety is one of the charms of exercise and the more change to the movements, the more lasting is the good done likely to be. A game of cricket with the children, gardening, carpentering, and so on, are exercises that invariably add zest and health and energy to life.

One, of course, of *the* very finest forms of exercise known is horse exercise, though, unfortunately, in London, it is an expensive form of recreation. However, during holidays it is possible for those of limited incomes to hire a horse occasionally, and riding is well worth considerable denial in other things, for it is health-giving in a marvellous degree.

Fortunately, that fickle dame, Fashion, has lately made walking the popular pastime. There are few better forms of exercise. The exercises given in previous numbers of THE ROYAL, as well as those of this issue, will so strengthen the muscles of the body and the lungs and heart that walking will become a pleasure to those to whom it has aforetime proved a burden.

But like everything else under the sun, there is a right and wrong way of taking ever so simple a thing as a daily peregrination. Just watch the ordinary passers-by; how many of them move easily and gracefully? How lamentably few possess even the semblance of a good carriage! There is a good old-fashioned method of learning how to walk that might with advantage be adopted by everyone. Stand erect, balance a book on the head, pass a walking-stick through the elbows, and clasp the hands across the waist; then, throwing out the feet well in front, stride up and down the room, or, better still, the garden, for fifteen minutes at a time. Persevere for six weeks or so, and the improvement will be most noticeable.

"What a well set-up man!" or "What a finely-grown girl!" will be the comments heard on every side. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to point out how much boots and shoes, to say nothing of stockings, have to do with the comfort of the pedestrian. The sole of a boot should be flexible and made for the particular foot that is going to occupy it, and stockings should be of fine, soft wool, and fit exactly.

Cycling, too, is beneficial, though I cannot help thinking that it is infinitely inferior to walking. In the latter exercises the trunk and arms come slightly into play in a manner which it is impossible for them to do in the former.

But, above all things, remember that it is well-nigh impossible to obtain physical and mental perfection without ***exercise.***

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A MARKET-RIGGER.

A Story of Dishonour Among Thieves.

By Walter Wood.

"Even if you'd as fine a fancy as a poet," said the skipper of the *Saucy Sarah*, "you couldn't call this winter aught but a dead horse. There 'asn't been a catch o' fish worth 'aulin', an' not so much as a sight of a lame duck. I doubt if the *Saucy Sarah's* made workin' expenses for three months, an' I can tell you I'm fair sick of it. You may take my word for it—honesty 's played out in trawlin'."

"What are lame ducks?" asked a stranger in a corner of the room. He looked like a Hebrew, spoke like a German, and was a mixture of both nationalities.

"Lame ducks," the skipper explained, bitterly, "are things you don't see as often as you see able-bodied ducks. They're ships in distress—wind-jammers or steamboats. But wind-jammers aren't worth pickin' up, as a rule. If you want a really good thing, you want a liner with passengers on board. Now I wish no feller creature 'arm, but I can tell you I couldn't listen to more joyful music in the *Saucy Sarah* nor a lot o' cabin passengers hollerin' for help from a liner that's lost her propeller in the North Sea. It makes you thirsty to think of it."

The stranger took a seat beside the skipper, and looked long and hard at him. Then, with a smile, he ordered more beer, of which he drank none himself. When the rest of the smacksmen had finished their own drinks, and found that the stranger did not invite them to share his, they withdrew to the harbour, and the stranger and the skipper of the *Saucy Sarah* were alone.

"Now," said the stranger suddenly, "do you want to make your fortune?"

"Does a missionary want to nab the 'eathen?" asked the skipper. "You give me the idee for makin' a fortune an' I'll hug it closer nor a brother."

"Do you know what rigging a market is?" continued the stranger.

"I know what riggin' a ship is," replied the skipper, "but I never heard o' riggin' markets."

"The idea is the same," the stranger assured him. "Both are rigged to make them swim and go. I'll tell you what I've got in my mind. It's a thing I've thought out very carefully, and it's this: Say there are fifty fishing boats in Rockborough, and yours is the fiftieth. Now suppose you could bottle up forty-nine and do the work of the whole fifty yourself, you'd take all the profits of the lot, for the time being, wouldn't you? You follow me?"

"Not quite," said the skipper. "At present you talk like a fog—there's no seein' through it."

The stranger looked warily round, to make sure that the tap-room held no unauthorised listener, then he proceeded, in a lower voice. "Since I came here from London a week ago I've been studying your fish market, and thinking of a way of rigging it. As you see, I've hit on an idea, the bottling up business; but I'm not sailor enough to work it out. Will you take a share in it and help me?"

"Is it legal?" asked the skipper cautiously.

"It is a perfectly fair game," declared the stranger. "The only thing is we mustn't be found out. That's the great rule of a speculative business like mine."

"On condition that we both keep our mouths shut," said the skipper, "I'll join you. The way to work the thing out is this." He made a rude drawing on a slip of paper, and showed it to the stranger. "There's only one entrance to the 'arbour, just by the Lighthouse Pier, is there? You've noticed that? Well, it's the way out, too; so it follows that if you can bung up that entrance, with the other fishin' craft inside, they can't get out, can they? Well, with them bottled up, an' the other one—say, the *Saucy Sarah*—outside, she can fish as 'ard as she likes, 'an run in to market, can't she? If she can run into market five times before the bottled uns can get out, an' can make, say, £200 a trip—because, mind you, fish would rise to famine prices—she's doin' a tidy little thing, isn't she?"

"Rather," said the stranger, with a laugh.

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"Now the first p'int is," continued the skipper, warming to his subject, "you must wait for bad weather to bottle 'em up, an' there's plenty o' that. Then you'll want a cork for the bottle, an' that cork, in the shape of a fine old yawl, is now at the top o' the 'arbour waitin' to be put in. I buy that old yawl cheap—I know 'er owner well—an' when all the other steamboats are safe in the 'arbour I run her ashore, slap in the fairway, so that no craft can come in or go out, an' my brother Tom works the *Saucy Sarah* on the nearest fishin'-ground for all she's worth. That's what I take you to mean in riggin' the market."

"Whew!" whistled the stranger, drawing a long breath. "And I was told that North Sea smacksmen were flats!" he thought.

For some time the skipper said nothing further. He was a tall, strong, heavy skipper with an unwashed face—a good layer of muck, he was accustomed to say, was equal to an extra coat, and it was winter. His sharp, clear eyes were almost hidden by bushy brows, and they looked searchingly at the stranger. At last he spoke. "Do you know what I'd do to a man 'at tried to do me?" he inquired.

"What?" asked the stranger.

"*That!*" exclaimed the skipper. He crashed a great fist on the table. The mugs danced and rattled, and the stranger jumped from his chair. "Sit down," ordered the skipper. "Now we understand one another. For a five pound note on account I'm your man. Name your conditions."

"Well," said the stranger, "this is rather sudden and unusual."

"You don't expect me to work for nothing, do you?" asked the skipper. "If you do, say so, an' go an' catch some other flat."

The stranger produced a Bank of England note.

"That clinches the bargain," he said. "How much will the yawl cost?"

"Twenty pound, an' for a matter o' twenty more you can patch her up an' send her out as a trawler," replied the skipper.

"Would men sail in her?" asked the stranger.

"Sail in her?" echoed the skipper. "Why, times are that bad they'd sail in coffins if they were big enough."

"Couldn't she be insured?" the stranger asked, lowering his voice.

"You could try," said the skipper meaningly, "but if you'd take my advice you wouldn't. The least said soonest mended in a case like that."

"Very well. What about the *Saucy Sarah?*"

"I'd take the yawl out, an' bring her back, an' pile her up, an' my brother Tom 'ud see to the *Saucy Sarah*. You could depend on him just as much as you could on me."

The stranger demurred against the idea of a third partner, but on the assurance that the brother, being a twin, would come in as two at the price of one, he waived his objections, and the arrangement was concluded.

When the stranger withdrew to go to his lodgings the skipper hastened into a neighbouring cottage, where his brother Tom was sleeping—in his clothes and on the hearth-rug.

"Wake up, old Tom," shouted the skipper, giving the prostrate form a friendly kick.

Tom rose to his feet, stretched himself, and yawned. He also was tall, strong, and keen of eye. He was singularly like his brother, but more unwashed. Another point of difference was that he wore silver rings on his fingers and in his ears, being something of a dandy, a bachelor, and much sought after by the women.

"Tom," continued the skipper exuberantly, "I've made the biggest 'aul of my life. I've caught a mug. The fun of it is, the mug thinks he's caught me."

"He was judgin' by your looks, I suppose," said Tom, sourly.

"I was allus considered the spit image o' you, anyway," retorted the skipper tartly. "But listen. He wants to rig the market—as he calls it—this way." He briefly outlined the stranger's scheme. "An' it's that rotten old yawl o' yours, which you gave ten pound for, that I've sold 'im," added the skipper triumphantly.

"By George!" exclaimed Tom slowly. "I didn't think you 'ad it in you."

"No, I'm surprisin' a lot o' folk," said the skipper placidly.

The skipper acquired the yawl in a public manner, explaining that he had no luck in steam, and was going back to sail as a trial; and his brother Tom, with certain well defined instructions, took charge of the *Saucy Sarah*.

The yawl went out as far as the Dogger, and came back and hugged the coast. But there was no chance of bottling up the steamboats in the harbour, because the weather was fair and they were on the fishing grounds, and doing good business, too. The *Saucy Sarah* was hovering about the coast also, waiting for her chance. Fish was scarce

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inshore, and the master of the *St. Swithin*, the little fisheries protection boat, was known to be keeping a watchful and suspicious eye on steamboats.

There came from the north-east a strong breeze, with fog and a nasty sea. The skipper rubbed his hands. "This is the weather for me," he said, and set the head of the yawl for Rockborough. The wind got round to the east, and the yawl rushed on before it, like a phantom in the fog. When the skipper sighted the Castle Hill, he made an exclamation of disgust, because the weather was clear and fair. It was a late January afternoon, and the dull sun shone on the hill and the blue sea. A little procession of steam trawlers passed him and hailed him — rather jeeringly, he thought.

"Dash the weather!" he exclaimed, for the first time in his life condemning warm sun and pleasant sea in winter. The wind had changed again, and was blowing gently from the shore. He put the yawl about, and headed back for the region of the Dogger.

"What cheer, old Joe?" shouted one of the steamboat men. "Got anything?"

"Nothing but a bit of offal," he replied, by way of keeping up his character as a hard-working smacksman.

"Why not chuck fishin' and go seekin'?" queried the friend. "That old yawl's just the thing to pick a liner up an' give her a tow." He pulled a scornful blast on his syren, and steamed away to the east.

Again the skipper ran into fog and heavy weather. His crew murmured. "Put back," they said, "or we shall be done for. We don't mind fair odds, but this old yawl's rotten from truck to keel."

"I'm goin' to put back," said the skipper, "an' what's more, I'm goin' neck an' crop for 'arbour, even if we take the ground."

The yawl swept on, the seas following and hitting her savagely. One pooped her, and burst her port bulwarks. The skipper, who was at the tiller, was struck to the deck, and the tiller was torn from his grip. Then he was hurled to the side by a heavy lurch, and when they reached and picked him up the left arm was useless.

"Go below," said the mate gruffly.

"Not me," replied the skipper. "My place is 'ere. I brought you all out, an' I'm goin' to take you all in."

He stuffed his arm into his pocket, and with set teeth and grim purpose held the yawl on her course. Late in the afternoon he made the harbour. Seas were sweeping over the breakwater, and a fire was made and blue lights burned to warn him off.

The skipper crashed a great fist on the table.

"There's no gettin' in," shouted the mate.

"Oh, yes there is," roared back the skipper. "It's neck or nothing."

"See the fire—they're burnin' us off," added the mate.

"Let 'em burn," replied the skipper "Now, my lads, if you never hung on before, hang on now, for I'm goin' to knock the stuffin' out of this old yawl. Go below—if she'll float at all I can manage her."

He let her go on the top of a roaring,

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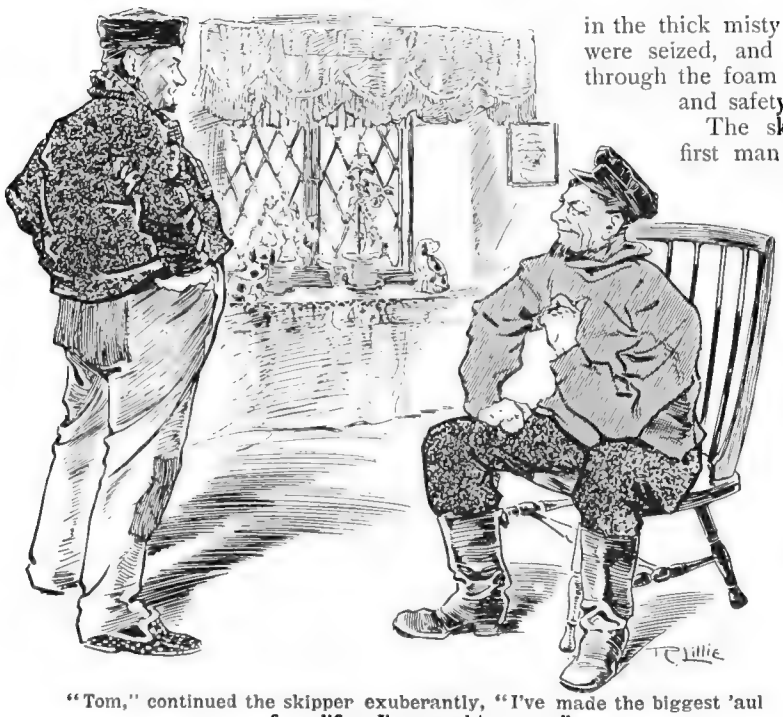

"Tom," continued the skipper exuberantly, "I've made the biggest 'aul of my life. I've caught a mug."

crumbling sea. She rose up, bows to the skies, and stern wallowing in the trough. She was beaten by the solid water and lashed by the flying spray, and in the wild smother of it all she was rushed towards the harbour. On her right was the breakwater, deluged by the sweeping seas, on her left were rocks and broken water; almost ahead was her only hope of refuge. It was nearly low water, and the skipper knew that the chances were that he would be swept from the deck, and that the yawl would be smashed to matchwood before anything could be done to save them. The lifeboat was useless, and the rocket apparatus was still in its shed on the foreshore.

He held on to the tiller, gave it a fierce strong turn, then jammed it against the side and clung to the mizzen rigging. The seas roared on and over, smothered the man and the yawl, and swept her onward to the entrance. A great roller lifted her up, ran under her, drove her forward, and dropped her with a thud in the very mouth of the harbour.

When the sea had passed the skipper had risen from the deck, to which he had been hurled again, and the crew were tumbling up from below. Voices were heard above the tumult of the gale, and ropes were uncoiling in the thick misty air. The whirling ends were seized, and the men were hauled through the foam and spume to the piers and safety.

The skipper came last. The first man to greet him was the stranger.

"I'll talk to you," said the skipper, "when I've been to hospital. I'd better come an' see you at your lodgin's."

At the hospital they attended to his damaged limb and would have detained him.

"I can't stop," he told them. "I've got my livin' to earn an' some work to do."

He went to the stranger's lodgings on the North Cliff, and in a room, the windows of which overlooked the troubled sea, he said that he had carried out the first part of the programme. "The steamboats are in an' the yawl's stuck in the fairway. The *Saucy Sarah's* outside, bucketin' about."

"Then we've got 'em on toast!" exclaimed the stranger, jubilantly. "They can't get out, can they?"

"Not the same way they came in," replied the skipper, with a strange look in his eyes. "An' they won't do that till the yawl's either blown up by gunpowder, or smashed to matchwood by the seas. An' she'll take a lot o' destroyin', I can tell you. They knew how to build ships when that old yawl was built."

"We've rigged the market this time properly!" exclaimed the stranger. "Captain, drink to yourself, to your brother Tom, to the *Saucy Sarah*, and to me."

The skipper obeyed. "Now, mister," he said, "I don't know your name, an' I don't want to, because it doesn't matter. Let's do some more business. I've 'ad one five pound on account. Can you let me have some more? You know that yawl's crew's got to be paid, an' there's the *Saucy Sarah* to think of."

"We'd better wait till we've got the *Saucy Sarah's* first cargo in," said the stranger, "then I'll give you several fivers."

"If it's all the same to you, I'll take a few

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on 'em now," said the skipper. "Come, I'm playin' my part of the game fair, you play yours ditto, which is financin'. Market-riggin' isn't sprat-catchin', you know. You take pretty nigh all the plunder, so you must shell out. It'll all come back to you."

More by reason of the skipper's size and the power of his eye than because of his eloquence or reasoning the stranger was moved to make another advance. After all, being a small company promoter, he had been concerned in far wilder schemes than this. "But, look here," he said, "you must let your brother know that he must run in at once with a cargo of fish. Now's the time to begin the rigging of the market."

"When this breeze has gone down—an' that'll be about mornin'—my brother Tom'll do his work," replied the skipper. "You see that mast'ead light bobbin' up an' down off the 'ill?"

He went to the window, and pointed to a white light out at sea, which was in violent motion.

"Yes," said the stranger.

"Well, that's the *Saucy Sarah*, an' near that light is my brother Tom."

"Is he fishing?" demanded the stranger eagerly.

For a moment the skipper was speechless. "Fishin'?" he repeated in scornful amazement. "Fishin' in a breeze like this—an' within the three-mile limit! I don't think he's fishin' so much as hangin' on with his feet an' fists to the wheel of the *Saucy Sarah*. Do you think *you'd* be fishin' if you was aboard that steamboat? I think you'd be more on the cabin floor, if you ask me."

"Can't a man fish within the three mile limit?" asked the stranger.

"Not if the *St. Swithin* sees 'im," answered the skipper. He lowered his voice. "It's illegal," he added, "but it's done. That little hooker's so low in the watter that you can tell 'er lights miles off an' get your gear up before she can steam up an' nab you. I've done it—so's Tom."

"An' where's the *St. Swithin?*" inquired the stranger.

"Bottled up with the rest, I 'xpect," said the skipper.

"Then she can't get out! That leaves the *Saucy Sarah* an absolutely clear field! By George, captain, but I think we've done them all this time! Suppose you go down to the harbour and see how things are progressing, and I'll go and have a look at the fish market, and calculate profits."

"Very well," said the skipper. He walked over the Castle Hill and down the Dykes, and reached the "platform" at the head of the harbour, where the smacksmen were assembled, smoking and talking. Some of their loud comments reached him, and he paused to listen. They were all concerning himself, and were exceedingly unflattering to his skill as a seaman.

"The breeze is droppin'," said one, "an' I was determined to get out wi' the mornin' tide."

"So was I," said a dozen other voices, and the rest agreed. A remarkable fit of energy had come over all since the blocking of the harbour. The laziest skippers were the most vociferous in their clamouring that something should be done to release them. That was because they felt assured that they would be held prisoners for several days.

"An' there's that drunken twin-brother Tom outside," shouted one skipper, "with his gear all ready for shootin'. It makes me sick to think o' the catch he'll get."

"An' the prices," said another skipper. "You can bet he'll shoot his trawl to-night, inshore or not inshore, an' he'll run in in the mornin' an' send his fish ashore in cobles. He'll risk bein' caught by the *St. Swithin*, if she runs up from Burlin'ton."

The skipper was chilled with a sudden fear. The fisheries protection boat at Burlington! That was only twenty miles away—a two hours' run, and he thought she was safely locked up with the rest in the harbour. And there was a new master, too, a man who was said to be a terror at devising traps for honest fishermen.

The skipper walked to the Lighthouse Pier, and tried to slip past the harbour master and the deputy, who were deciding what should be done now that the fairway was blocked.

"What made you blunder in that way?" said the harbour master. "You were burnt off, and there was nothing outside to hurt you."

"I suppose you thought you were an Arab pilot running a tramp into Alexandria," said the Deputy. "I think that considering the mischief you've done you ought to lend a hand."

"What at?" asked the skipper.

"Unshipping the booms, of course. You don't suppose that we can keep all these steamboats in just because the yawl's in the fairway, do you?"

Again the skipper was chilled.

"There's been a man down here looking for you," added the Deputy. "He looks as if he came from Whitechapel, and as if his

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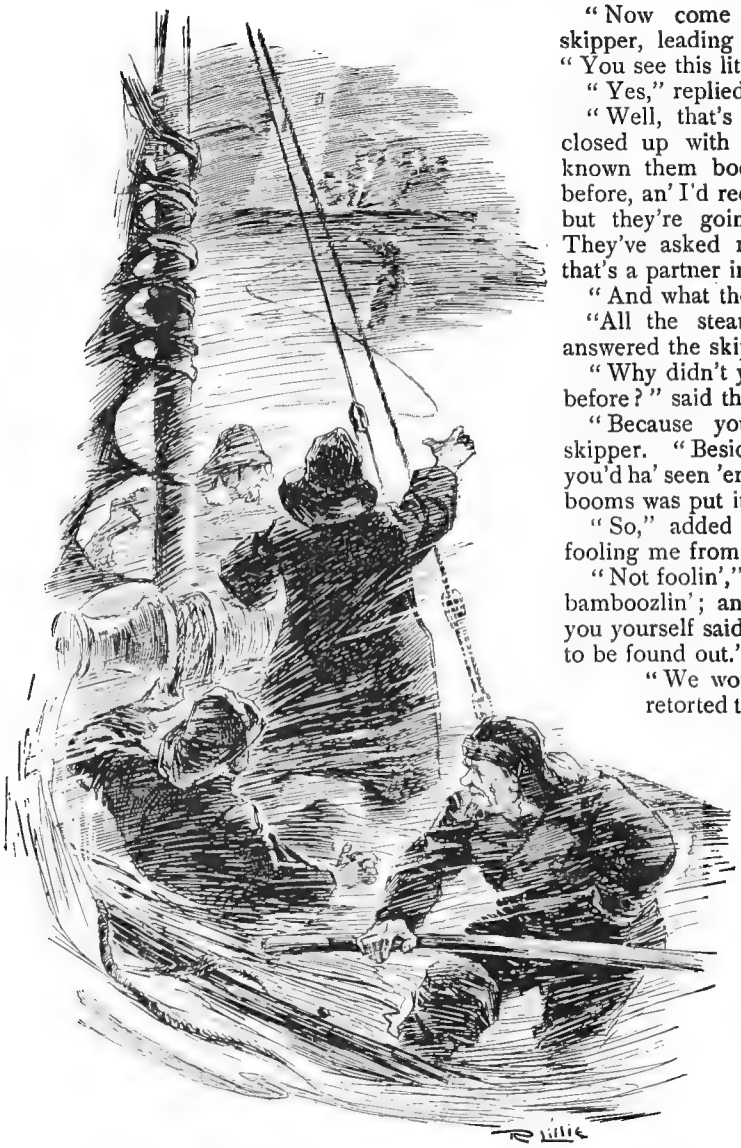

"Now, my lads, if you never hung on before, hang on now."

name might be Moses. Ah! Here he is."

The stranger advanced to the skipper and took him aside.

"Come this way," said the skipper in suppressed agitation. They went to the head of the pier. "Look here," he said. "You see the entrance is choked up with the yawl, don't you? There's no getting in an' there's no gettin' out that way."

"Exactly," agreed the stranger. "That's what delights me."

"Now come *this* way," continued the skipper, leading him round the lighthouse. "You see this little bridge, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the stranger wonderingly.

"Well, that's another entrance which is closed up with timber-booms. I've never known them booms be taken up in winter before, an' I'd reckoned on 'em keepin' there; but they're goin' to get 'em out to-night. They've asked me to 'elp; *me*, mind you, that's a partner in the market-riggin'."

"And what then?" asked the stranger.

"All the steamboats 'll go out to sea," answered the skipper.

"Why didn't you tell me about the booms before?" said the stranger furiously.

"Because you didn't ask," replied the skipper. "Besides, if you'd used your wits you'd ha' seen 'em. You didn't suppose them booms was put in for ornymant, did you?"

"So," added the stranger, "you've been fooling me from the first?"

"Not foolin'," corrected the skipper, "only bamboozlin'; an' you must remember that you yourself said the only thing to do was not to be found out."

"We won't split hairs about words," retorted the stranger angrily. "Well, you've had your shout—now I'll have mine. I'll tell the whole of the fishermen of Rockborough about the precious scheme, and your share in it, and then we shall see what happens."

"It doesn't need a prophet to tell that," the skipper assured him quietly. "They won't listen to a word you say against a feller smacksman—an' as for you, why, they'll send you back to London with a sight less 'air an' clothin' nor you came in. You take my advice; lay low, and give Brother Tom a chance. I've a notion 'at he'll put money in your pocket, even yet."

Brother Tom, anxiously watching the weather moderate, had his gear ready for shooting. His chance came, and he took it. In the darkness of the early morning his trawl went overboard within the three-mile limit. It was a black night, and he kept his masthead light and sidelights burning, with the object of showing the people ashore that he was still dodging about, waiting for the tide.

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The master of the *St. Swithin*, running from Burlington to Rockborough, was showing no lights at all. A telegram had warned him to keep a sharp look-out for poachers and he detected the *Saucy Sarah* at her felonious work.

Full speed ahead he chunked through the darkness, and was alongside the *Saucy Sarah* and had caught her red-handed before the skipper's brother Tom could collect his wits and get his gear up.

"It's a fair catch," admitted Tom, "an' I'll come quietly; but if there's law in England I'll nail you for bein' under way without your lights burnin'."

"I'll try an' get you let down as easily as I can," the master promised pacifically. "It's my first catch, an' I'll be merciful."

A bright sun shone on a blue North sea swell when the ball was hoisted on the Lighthouse to indicate high water. The booms had been craned out of their sockets and placed on the breakwater, and there was a clear exit for the imprisoned craft.

A long procession of trawlers steamed out, with much hooting to signalise their deliverance.

The *Saucy Sarah* and her captor were just outside in the bay, waiting to come in when the harbour was cleared. The captive Tom was on the bridge, smoking and wondering what gaol was like.

"Why don't you come with us, old Tom?" shouted the skipper of a squattering paddle-boat, from the battered bridge of his effete craft. "There's millions of sole an' turbot pantin' to be catched." He gave a prolonged blast on his whistle, and in the uproar of it Tom's heated rejoinder was not heard.

"Now, they all seem to be off," said the master of the *St. Swithin*. "We'll go in an' get our little business settled comfortably."

As the *Saucy Sarah* entered the harbour the skipper was on the pierhead.

Tom stepped ashore and joined his brother. "Where s the Jew?" he demanded briefly.

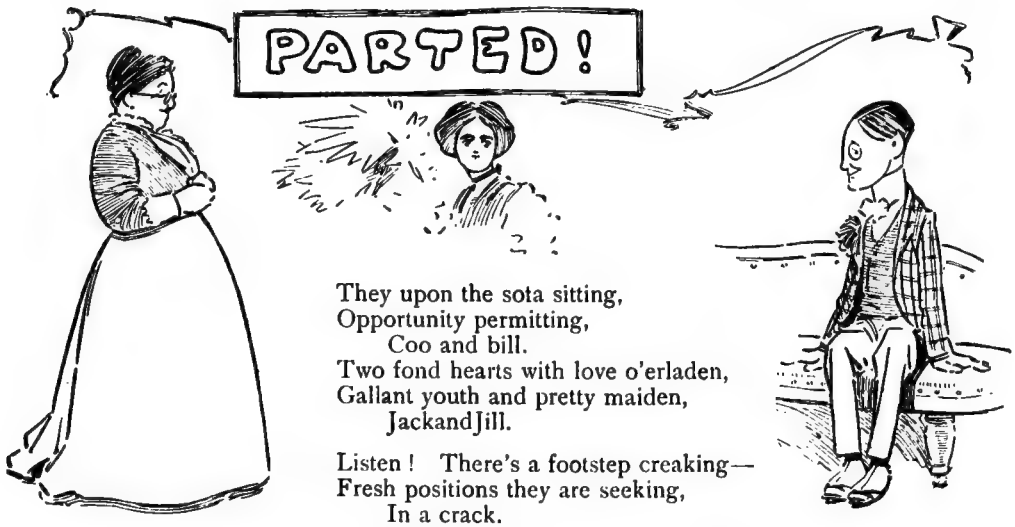
"Gone back to London—went in the night," replied the skipper. "I 'appened to meet 'im, an' we said what we thought about each other."

Tom sighed, after the way of a disappointed man.

"Did you want 'im to bail you out?" inquired the skipper.

"No," said Tom, breathing hard. "*He's* the one who'd ha' wanted balin' out. I was goin' to chuck 'im into the 'arbour, as the cause of all this bother."

"Don't bear malice, Tom," said the skipper soothingly. "It isn't Christian, an' it isn't right to do wrong. Besides, even when we've paid your fine, what with the profit on the yawl an' the money I got out of 'im as partner in the market-riggin', we're well in pocket. Attemptin' to make a poor fisherman dishonest an' bottle up his pals! Let some more on 'em come, either from London or Jerusalem, an' try it on! I'd like to see 'em!"



They upon the sota sitting,
Opportunity permitting,
Coo and bill.
Two fond hearts with love o'erladen,
Gallant youth and pretty maiden,
Jack and Jill.

Listen! There's a footstep creaking—
Fresh positions they are seeking,
In a crack.
When her mother, smiling sweetly,
Enters, they're arranged discreetly—
Jill and Jack!

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Photo by Denney.

A game of water polo is one of the severest tests of swimming possible, as the players often have to keep moving up and down, backwards and forwards, for twenty minutes, without touching anything but water—and the ball.

THE DELIGHTS OF A DIP.

A Chatty Article on the most popular Summer Pastime.

By Reginald Maingay.

When the summer comes round with the holidays—those short fourteen days, all that most of us poor hard-working people get—it is to the sea that the majority turn their faces. Why, the very word quickens the pulse—the sea! It calls to mind nothing but what is invigorating, beautiful, and pleasurable—keen salt breezes, exhilarating like champagne, wide, rolling downs, towering cliffs, broad stretches of sand and shingle, picnics, boating excursions, and above all, bathing. It is bathing more than anything else which so attracts people to the sea. Inland you can get, of course, a very delightful dip, but the difference between a fresh water bathe and a sea bathe is much the same as between roller skating in a roofed and inclosed rink and real skating on a vast sheet of ice.

When you read these lines many of you will be at the seaside—indeed, I hope I shall be there as well; but there's no knowing! As I write, bathing and the sea seem to be very far off (there's a heavy south-easterly wind blowing sheets of cold rain against my window panes). So in lieu of reality let me play with fancy a moment, and describe, if only for my own pleasure, that most heavenly time in all the year—the first bathe on the first morning of the holidays.

You have travelled seaward overnight, left the dirty, hot city behind you, swept through the sleeping summer country, and towards midnight arrived at your destination, no matter where—some snug and unfrequented village, for preference, nestled among the hollows of the downs and overlooking the sea. You are tired and happy; the rich air, while it puts new life into your veins, seems to pull down your eyelids. So, having eaten your supper and taken, perhaps, a stroll through the village just to get a glimpse of the sea, you make for bed and are soon sound asleep.

You have given orders to be called early, and at seven o'clock or thereabouts a sharp rap at the door calls you from dreamland. Another day of drudgery? Time to get up? Bother! Then you remember where you are

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and the glorious prospect before you. You are out of bed in a twinkling, make a rush for the window, draw the blind—and there, spread out to the far horizon and sparkling in the morning sunshine—the sea! the sea!

Oh, and believe me it's not long before you're dressed and out, nor very long either before you're undressing again in some secluded part of the bay (there are no bathing machines in my fancy village—certainly not!) shivering a little because the air has not yet been thoroughly warmed, but as eager for the sea as though it were your natural element. This is not one of those bays where you have to wade a quarter of a mile through shallow water before you get out of your depth. You have only to take a plunge, then good-bye for the time being to *terra firma!*

But before the plunge there's a moment of hesitation. You know it—a horribly delicious moment? You long to be in the sea, yet your warm body shrinks from its chilly embrace. However, that's overcome soon enough, and in you go, head-foremost if you're a diver—with an ungainly leap if you're not. The violently cold shock of that final plunge! My word! It drives away any vestige of sleep that may be still clinging about you. The sea closes with a roar over your head. You have a rapid impression of green water and rushing bubbles, and the next instant you draw a deep breath, and open your eyes.

The sea is beneath and around you, above you is the blue sky and the sun, and in you the joy, the vigour, the strength of ten men. You shake the water from your eyes, turn impatiently from the land, and make with long, powerful strokes for the open sea.

It is very calm save for a long ground swell—the remains of last week's storm—that breaks upon the beach in great foaming waves. To you who are in the sea this swell is wholly delightful. It lifts you on to its back, and drops you into its hollows without in any way impeding your progress. The spiteful little surface waves slap your face, but that only adds to the zest of the thing. You cut your way through them, pushing them contemptuously aside. If they were fifty times larger and more spiteful you'd show them what you were made of, you'd master them! You're not a mere man this morning—you're a god or something of the kind!

But, all the same, after a while your breath comes in shorter pants, and you begin to feel that your muscles would be all the better for a little relaxation. You've had a long turn at straightforward swimming, then a spell of the sidestroke when the water hissed and gurgled in your left ear and your body seemed to be shooting with inconceivable rapidity along. Yes, a little rest—you've the homeward journey still to make—and, my word! the shore's a long way off.

So over on your back, and there to lie for a while motionless save for some quiet paddling with your hands. It's a wonderful sensation this floating quite alone and far out at sea. The only sound is the chatter of the

Photo by Magrial.

A happy party of bathers on the shores of the Mediterranean.

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little waves that dance about you. Beneath you there's a great depth, you think of it with a pleasurable thrill, and above you nothing but the empty sky. The sun is somewhere over your shoulder. Perhaps a seagull may fly into your vision, wheel about over you, scream with wonder at the sight of the weird white object floating on the sea, and sail away. Otherwise you are quite alone (except for the fish, of course) and would gladly enjoy your loneliness for ever!

That's to say, if your humanity didn't find you out, god though you may feel yourself. To put the matter plainly, you soon begin to know that the sea is cold and to think of your breakfast.

Photo by Photochrom Co.

Bathing machines are not the most ornamental objects on the beaches of our seaside resorts.

Well, and the finish to your first bathe is not the least delightful part of it—the swim back, the landing on firm ground (you are glad when your feet once more touch the earth, and there's no denying it) the vigorous rub with the coarse towel; the delicious glow you feel all over your body as you walk homewards; the huge breakfast (porridge, fried soles, brown bread and butter, coffee and marmalade), and the pipe that tastes sweeter than you ever thought tobacco possible of tasting.

That's the bathe that I hope you and I will enjoy when these lines appear

That's the ideal bathe, from my point of view. You may, possibly, like the crowded beach and the bathing machine. I detest them—the bathing machine especially. It is to be hoped that when man has abandoned his idea of "a perfect cure for sea sickness" he may at last turn his inventive brain to the perfecting of these unholy contrivances. Anything more unsightly, more uncomfortable, more unsanitary is scarcely to be conceived. There is no proper ventilation in a bathing machine, yet a maximum of cold air for the victim's legs. There is no proper light, and no proper accommodation for clothes which may at any time be dislodged by a spasmodic effort of the horse. And finally these hearses are rarely, if ever, under proper inspection by the local health officer, though I am sure that they need it more than the common lodging house.

Bathing machines, again, are the bugbear of the peaceful shore rambler. Not only are they an eye-sore, but jealously guarded by those dreadful old bathing women, who wave you off with angry cries should you inadvertently venture too near, while youth and beauty are performing their toilet. It is a distinct shock for modest men, like you and I, to be warned off in this fashion. Beside which the foreshore should be public property if anything is.

On the coasts of the Mediterranean and

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Photo, Rau, Philadelphia.

A motley mixture of mixed bathers, at Atlantic City, U S.A., half of whom never go into the sea at all, for fear of spoiling their costumes.

Google

Photo by Mugrini.

Horses are very powerful swimmers and can carry a man for miles.

the Baltic, where tidal fluctuations are almost imperceptible, they are able to accommodate the bather very much better. There you find the so-called fixed bath-houses erected on the brink of the sea, with steps leading into the water, and large, airy, well-lighted dressing-rooms. The bather is very well treated in these establishments from the moment he enters them to the moment of his departure, which is gladdened with a *petit verre* of cognac or Kümmel—a very pleasant sequel to the cold waters of the Baltic at any rate.

Another method of bathing—and, personally, I prefer it infinitely to any methods connected with machines or houses even of the most palatial—is to hire a boat, put out to sea, and, when far away from land, plunge boldly into the depths. Of course, you must be a very sure and confident swimmer before you try this on! The water is rougher so far from land—and unpleasantly deep, if one should lose one's nerve or be suddenly overtaken with cramp.

But don't you venture forth without anyone to look after the boat while you are disporting yourself in the waves! It is a most hazardous thing to do—an opinion which a young acquaintance of mine would heartily second if you asked him. Friends implored him to abandon his foolhardy project. He laughed them to scorn. "The boat can't fly away," he said. "It can only drift about a little." And so he hired his boat, without, of course, telling the owner to what uses he meant to put it, and started on his adventure.

Well, the boat *did* drift about a little. When he was enjoying himself about fifty yards away from it, it managed to get into a rather rapid current that wound about the corner of the coast—a current of whose existence he had been sublimely ignorant. The fifty yards became very nearly a hundred before he fully appreciated the situation. Then he started in pursuit with might and main.

But he never reached that boat. For, having made an angle of the coast, it seems to have encountered another current and a considerable amount of wind. Our young friend saw that the distance between him and his desire looked suspiciously wider, and judged it better to make for shore. Eventually he arrived, but in a state of cold and exhaustion which was amply deserved.

I almost wish I could add that he was forced to walk home minus his clothes, but, alas, for the story! a kindly Providence intervened in the shape of those friends, whose warnings he had scouted. They had come round to see the fun—and they got more fun than they expected, though I hardly think the misguided hero of this episode quite saw the humour of it The boat was rescued that same afternoon.

Photo by Mugrini.

A brigade of Italian soldiers giving their horses a dip.

With a solitary exception my boat bathing experiences call for no special comment—on the principle that "no news is good news." They have been eminently successful. The solitary exception? I'll tell you about it, though I hardly think it will seem to you who

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A natural swimming bath on the South Coast, largely frequented by school-boys.

Photo, Mill,

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read it so exciting as to the man who went through it a few summers ago.

I was in Sark at the time. One morning the whim took me to hire a boat and get a sailor to row me round the island. The sun was intensely hot, and later on, in what appeared to be a sheltered and very inviting inlet, a second whim seized me—to undress and try the water. In a few moments I was disporting myself like a dolphin.

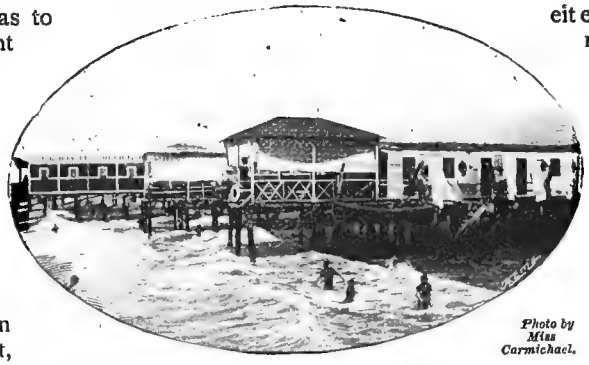

Photo by Miss Carmichael.

A bathing establishment on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Now, I think the man in charge of the boat must have been something of an ass. He knew every inch of the coast, and yet when he saw me swimming into danger he never warned me until it was too late.

Here's the situation. About fifty yards from where I sprang into the water was an island separated from the shore by a channel some fifteen feet across at high tide. At low tide it was calm and shallow ; as the tide rose —and the tide was rising at the time—it became a very rapid current—so rapid that—well, that it nearly killed me.

This is what happened. Blissfully ignorant of the danger, I struck out towards the channel. Already some yards away from it, I began to find swimming remarkably light work, and, growing uneasy, was just about to turn when a warning shout from the boat reached me.

Too late! An attempt to break from the now irresistible current proved abortive, and, willy-nilly, I was swept right into the channel. I merely kept myself above water, thinking it better to keep away from the rocks on either side. Had I maintained such a course I should certainly have been drowned, for at the other end of the channel there were sundry whirlpools that only a very powerful swimmer could have withstood. The boatman shouted to me to make for the side if possible, and hold on to anything that came into my reach. I still think it a miracle that I managed to do this and come off in the end with nothing worse than a few bad cuts on my knees and arms.

Have you ever tried mixed bathing? And what do you think of it? Personally, I don't like it at all, and as it is practised in such places as Atlantic City, in the United States, I think it must be perfectly abominable. Just look at the photograph on page 375! It only shows a portion of the bay; the rest you may be sure is quite as crowded.

And what are all those people doing?

Half of them have no more thought of bathing than you or I have of flying. They simply promenade up and down the beach, gossiping, smoking, looking at each other, as if for all the world they were in their Sunday best and strolling about some park or public gardens. Fancy wasting your precious holiday mornings and afternoons in such a fashion! And then, even if you take to the water, I, as a man, protest against those abominable costumes, which propriety compels you to wear, at a seaside place where mixed bathing obtains. Really you might just as well bathe in a fine frock coat and silk hat.

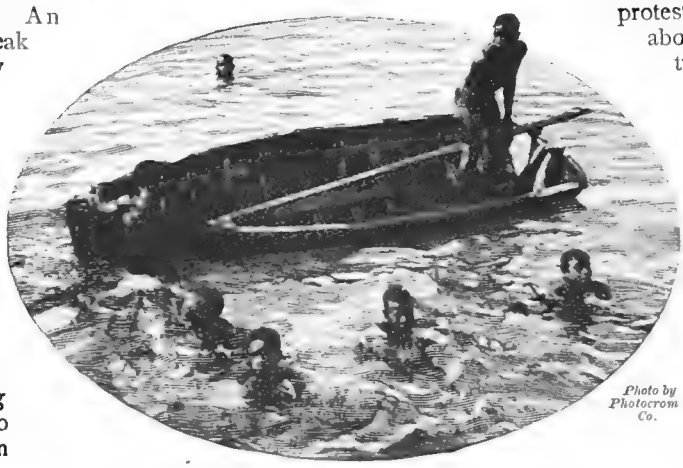

Photo by Photocrom Co.

Seven little nigger boys enjoying a bathe from a boat

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CAP AND BELLS

PROOF POSITIVE.

"And are you sure you love him?"

"Am I sure? Do you see this dress?"

"Of course I do. What of it?"

"Will you kindly tell me if it bears the slightest resemblance to the present styles?"

"Well, really it—er—it——"

"It doesn't!"

"No."

"And I am wearing it because he likes it!"

* * * * *

SOME SATISFACTION.

"What are you doing?" said the manager of the hotel. "Do you want to asphyxiate yourself, and die on our hands?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"You've gone and blown out the gas."

"Nuthin' of the kind. I am entitled to the use of this gas, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't get any satisfaction by lighting it. The only way I can get my money's worth is to sit here and smell it!"

* * * * *

AFFABLE ARISTOCRAT: "Well, the fact is, my name is not Gibson. You see I'm travelling incog. There's my card."

OUR MR. TUPPINGS: "Glad to hear it. I'm travelling in pickles. Here's mine."

THE RHYME OF A BATSMAN.

HE looked so big, he'd talked such piles—
The fieldsmen simply stood out miles:
( )
But his first balls he played so strange,
They soon came in to shorter range:
( )
I'd call attention, here, that he—
Was guarding wickets numbering three:
| | |
The fifth ball bumped and caught his head—
Behold the things he saw
* * * * * *
and said!
! ! ! ! ! !
The last ball wandered round his bat,
Two stumps felt ill and lay quite flat:
| /-
And as he hurried back he saw
Upon the board this hideous score.

O

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

* * * * *

AN ERROR IN NATURE'S OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.

Fuzzy Caterpillar (perspiring freely): "Ah, no wonder you're *so* gay and chirpy, Mr. Grasshopper. *You* don't have to wear furs all through the year!"

Google

THE PARTING.

"Do not leave me!" she brokenly murmurs.
Her eyes seeking his, in despair.
And her voice is the voice of affliction,
Of one overburdened with care.
For the sorrowful words have been spoken—
"Good-bye, love! Good-bye!" he has said.
Yet again and again "Do not leave me!"
She murmurs, with down-drooping head.

And with him, as the parting draws nearer—
How fares it, one wonders, with him?
It is plain that to youth as to maiden
The struggle is gloomy and grim.
Yet his face, though as white as a snowflake,
Is resolute, e'en through its pain,
And, unclasping the arms that enfold him,
He bids her "Good-bye!" once again.

Are they parting for ever, these lovers?
Is this, then, the final farewell?
Does life lie before them in sadness,
Nor hope for the future foretell?
One must needs, to behold their emotion,
At such a conclusion arrive—
Till he adds as he finally leaves her,
"Good-bye—till to-morrow at five!"

Jessie Carr.

* * * *

NOT BUYING.

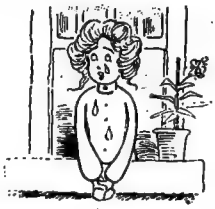
AUTHOR: "You seem to be out of humour."

EDITOR: "That's all right; you can't sell me any."

* * * *

It's a great thing to have an indulgent husband, provided he doesn't indulge too frequently.

* * * *



THE WEATHERWISE UNCLE.

Above, Miranda Jane
Began to cry
Because her wallflower looked
Disposed to die.

Below, her Uncle John
Was seen to stop,
And heard to mutter: "Rain!
I felt a drop!"

A BAD BREAK.

"I played a game of golf with my wife the other day."

"Which won?"

"Sir! How many wives do you think I have?"

* * * *

IGNOTA.

Dwell she in Arctic land
'Mid northern gales terrific,
Or upon coral strand,
Girt by the warm Pacific;
Live she in wealthy palace,
Or in a humble cottage,
Her dish a lordly chalice
Or pewter plate of pottage;
Beneath whatever sun,
Dwelling in land whatever,
Somewhere, I know, there's one
Made for me only, ever;
One I shall love, caress,
Nor, while I live, forget her;
One—but I must confess
As yet I've never met her.

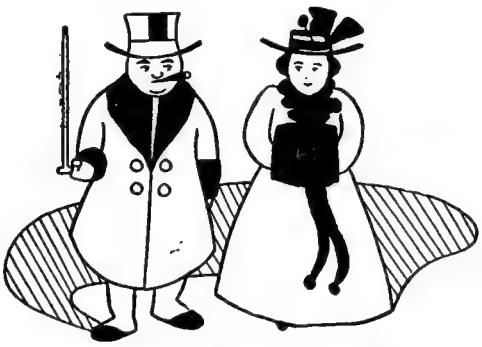
She may be plump or slender,
Her stature short or stately;
I care not, so she's tender,
Yet loves not *too* sedately;
She may be dark—if blindly
She bow to my protection,
Or fair—so she be kindly—
As Cupid's own complexion;
She may be stately, queenly,
To bold advances stormy—
On me she'll smile serenely,
And save her kisses for me;
And ah! when once I find her,
No stroke of fate shall sever
Our lives—but, slight reminder,
As yet I've met her never.

K. Sugden.

* * * *

Yours is a hard case, as the jellyfish said to the oyster.

* * * *



A GRATEFUL WIFE.

Husband: "You and the girls pass your summers in Norway and your winters in the Riviera, and all this comes of my making so much money."

Wife: "You're a dear boy! Why, if we were poor, think of it, we would have to stay at home with you!"

REASON ENOUGH!

Mrs. Gossip: "The Corkers are going to move out of this neighbourhood a'ter being here a year."

Hossip: "That's strange. Why, people are just getting to know them now."

Mrs. Gossip: "That's why they're going."

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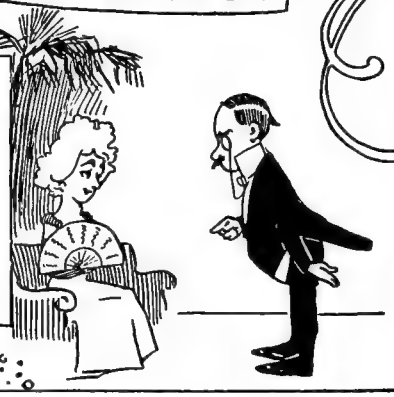
HER·FIRST·WALTZ

I MET her one night in the Isle of Wight
When the frosts of winter nipped.
Her face was fair, and her fringe of hair
Was a fanciful nondescript.

Some sickening chance made me advance
For a dear little waltz to pray.
She said, with a sigh, she would like to try.
She never had learnt the way.

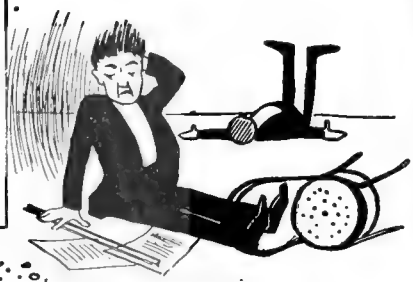


We lingered apart and found the start,
As everyone does, the crux,
Like an engine fine on the railway line
That tugs at a string of trucks.

Now here, now there, now everywhere,
With many a bang and scratch,
We whizzed along with an impulse strong
That looked like a wrestling match.

A couple too stout we squandered about.
With a smile she said it was grand.
With a thundering crash, we landed, splash!
In the midst of the frightened band.

In a second or less we ruined a dress
Whose owner went off for repairs.
Like a nightmare dream with a frantic scream
We shot down a flight of stairs.



Then a wild M.C. came up to me
With a look that was somewhat pained.
I tried to be nice, but he gave advice
That made the relations strained.

So I said good-night in the Isle of Wight
And trotted my partner back,
Past sundry wrecks of either sex
In the wake of our meteor track. T. HAY.

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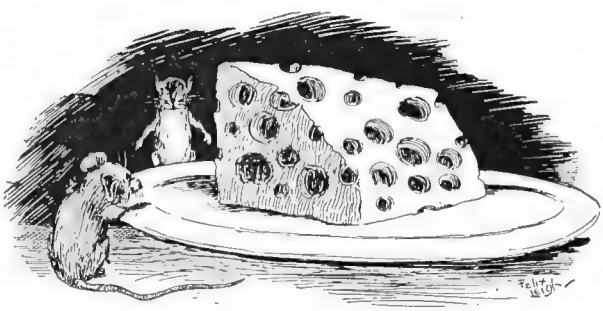
"CUPBOARD LOVE."

She pretends it is love,
But it means a new bonnet.
Why kind as a dove?
She pretends it is love,
But I am above
All such guile and frown on it.
She pretends it is love,
But it means a new bonnet.

* * *



A VERY SUPERIOR CHEESE.

This lovely cheese," so Daddy Mouse informed his son and heir,
"Is made in distant Switzerland, and it is called Gruyere.
It's nicer far than bacon rind or crumbs of breakfast rolls,
And if one wants to hide, you know, it's full of handy holes!"

HER JUST ANGER.

She confronted him like an angry tigress. "Never," she cried, "darken my doors again!"

He cowered before her glance.

"After"—her voice was harsh with resentment—"I had told you to be so particular to finish all the woodwork in light effects."

In silence he proceeded to mix his paints anew.

* * *

There was a young lady from Kent,
Who always said just what she meant;
People said, "She's a dear!
So unique—so sincere!"—
But they shunned her, by common consent!

* * *

A certain mother was the proud possessor of twins which were as much alike as two peas. One night she heard a series of giggles proceeding from the neighbourhood of the twins' bed.

"What are you laughing at there?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins, "only you have given me two baths, and Alice none."

A WONDERFUL SINGER.

Orlando clearly *has* a voice,
Although he warbles out of tune;
He once produced a note so *high*
That people heard him in the moon!

Most girls who are engaged wonder why men in real life don't make love as they do in novels.

* * *

Ability is that to which a man owes his own success. Luck is that to which all others owe their success.

* * *

MISS MABEL (in tearful burst of confidence): "Mamma, I'm so disappointed in Horace! You can't think!"

MAMMA: "What's the matter now, dear? Have you quarrelled?"

MISS MABEL: "No, but when I told him my birthday came on December 25th, he said, 'Dearest, let us be married on that day!' I do believe he was thinking how much money he would save in making presents if all our anniversaries came at Christmas!"

* * *

RATHER ABSENT-MINDED.

WIFE: "A man has just dropped in front of our door. He says he is dying of starvation."

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "I have no time now, darling. Tell him to call again in a week's time."

* * *

"Your husband dresses very quietly."

"Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar, or his sleeve-links become mislaid!"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

THE 5s. A DAY COMPETITION.

I am sorry not to be able to give you any definite news of the 5*s.* a day competition. The solutions are being most carefully checked by a special staff of clerks, and the progress in such a gigantic undertaking is necessarily slow.

THOSE IMPUDENT JOURNALISTS!

Last month I retailed a yarn told me by a Person of Great Importance concerning the late Marquess of Dufferin and sundry American reporters. Here's another story from the same source told me on the same occasion.

"Yes," said the Person of Great Importance, whom we may call the Duke of Z., "yes," he said, *à propos* of the Dufferin incident, "journalists are the most impudent people on the face of this earth."

I suppose I looked very concerned and apologetic, for he hastily qualified the statement, adding, with a wave of his hand, "I am, of course, alluding to American reporters. They have no sense of decency whatever. Some years ago I was staying in New York. My wife had occasion to visit what, from unimpeachable sources, she understood to be the most select and most discreet of costumiers in the States. She was ushered into a very private boudoir, and her measure was taken by women who appeared to be discretion personified.

"But"—here the Duke leaned forward and eyed me severely—"they were nothing of the kind. They were reporters in disguise. For the next morning there appeared in one of the least disreputable of New York journals an article under the heading—the type was at least an inch high:

"'**Blue Blood and Frocks and Frills.**"

"In this article, which ran to over a column, my poor wife was literally dissected. Her every word, gesture, movement, and article of clothing were described, not to mention many things she didn't do and say and wear. And right in the centre of the article, in type so thick that a blind man might have deciphered it several yards away, appeared the sensational information:

"'**The Duchess of Z. has Five Vaccination Marks on her Left Arm!!!**'"

The Duke leaned back in his chair and literally glared at me.

"Perhaps," I hazarded rather feebly, "the women were not to blame."

"I'm not blaming them in particular," retorted His Grace, "I'm blaming American reporters generally. It's quite on the cards that some male members of this infamous species had concealed themselves in the room while my wife's measure was being taken!"

And quite unexpectedly the Duke gave a short laugh. Perhaps he noticed the modest blush that suffused my cheek at his appalling suggestion.

MR. *DAILY EXPRESS.*

I, too, have done reporter's work in my day—but little of it, thank Providence! For I'm a shy and retiring man—no brazen Yankee—self-conscious, and not very quick of speech.

It was, I remember, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral I went through an experience which many a reporter would have revelled in, but I look back on with horror.

The Editor asked me to report for the *Daily Express* all that might occur on a certain portion of the route along which the funeral

Google

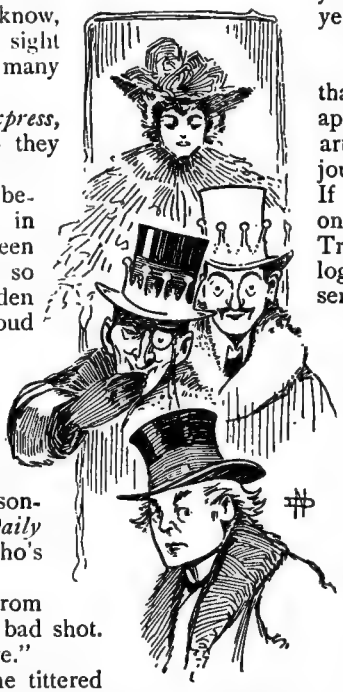
procession was to pass. A very fine seat had been provided for me at a fashionable photographer's, and at some unearthly hour I made my appearance there—pocket-book, pencil, and all.

Soon the balcony on which I sat began to fill up with the photographer's guests—a most select company, terribly select, so select that after a while I became uncomfortably aware that I was the only commoner present. Isolation, but hardly splendid, was mine amid a brilliant galaxy of duke and earl, countess, baron, and lady.

Then my hour of torment arrived.

Some lady, pointing to a detachment of passing soldiers, asked my host what they were. He didn't know, looked about him, caught sight of me and shouted, over many aristocratic heads:

"Now then, Mr. *Daily Express*, you'll be able to tell us who they are!"



I think, had I even belonged to the regiment in question, I should have been quite unable to name it, so flustered was I at the sudden challenge and the many proud eyes that turned with supercilious inquiry in my direction. I mumbled excuses and subsided into uncomfortable silence.

But my host was by no means done with me. A personage rode past. "Well, Mr. *Daily Express*," he yelled, "who's that?"

I didn't know the man from Adam, but hazarded a bold bad shot.

"General Trotter, I believe."

A gilded youth behind me tittered and remarked to the company at large that I was mistaken, unless, of course, General Trotter and Sir E. Bradford were one and the same man!

The laugh that followed gave my host the cue. He would make me the butt of the assembly, and he did so with a vengeance. I was required in more or less facetious terms to identify everybody who passed. An ambulance detachment, for instance—"The Royal Artillery, Mr. *Daily Express*, what?" A squad of policemen—"These are Beef-Eaters, Mr. *Daily Express*, I suppose?"

It was a cold day, but I was never hotter, I assure you!

ARTICLES AND HOW TO GET THEM UP.

Last month I told you about the kind of story I want and how to write it. Now let me give you similar information concerning articles. And you needn't trouble to thank me. In the long run I am serving myself, you may be very sure of that—though at first thought it does seem a somewhat quixotically generous thing to do—to present you with the recipe for a dish and then pay you (liberally) for the dish—concocted from the recipe! No, don't bother to be grateful. I would feel mightily uncomfortable at receiving undeserved gratitude. You never credited me with such fine feeling? Ah, you and I don't know each other yet!

THE RECIPE.

In the first place, the golden rule that I laid down for story writing applies equally to the writing of articles. Make a study of the journal you wish to contribute to. If you have an eloquent disquisition on "The Influence of Buddhist Transcendentalism on the Theological Theorists of Dalmatia," send it to *Punch* or the *Times*, but please don't send it to me. What I want you can find out for yourself if you glance through a few back numbers of THE ROYAL.

When hunting up subjects—and they are really not so difficult to capture if you keep your eyes and ears open—remember that every article must be capable of illustration, photographic or pictorial. A lack of literary ability need not trouble you at all. If you can write so much the better, if you can't there are men on the staff, regular dabs at scribbling, who, in the Rev. Sir Owen Kettle's words, will handle your article in a way that will astonish you. But what you must do is to get hold of all possible information bearing on your subject—fact and anecdote—before you take up your pen. You can't have too much. Subsequently, you may have to reject much, but that needn't worry you. If the article is to be photographically illustrated, be sure that your photographer can take clear, bright photos. I have often had to reject articles because the photographs were unprintable.

Well, now you've got the recipe, cook the dish, and—I'll eat it.

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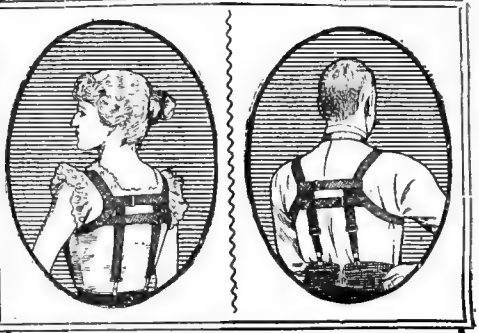

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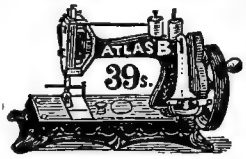

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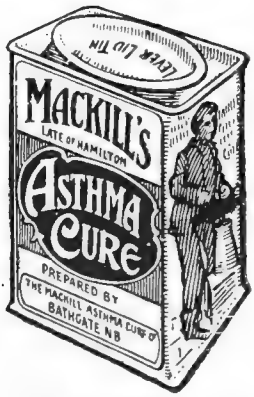

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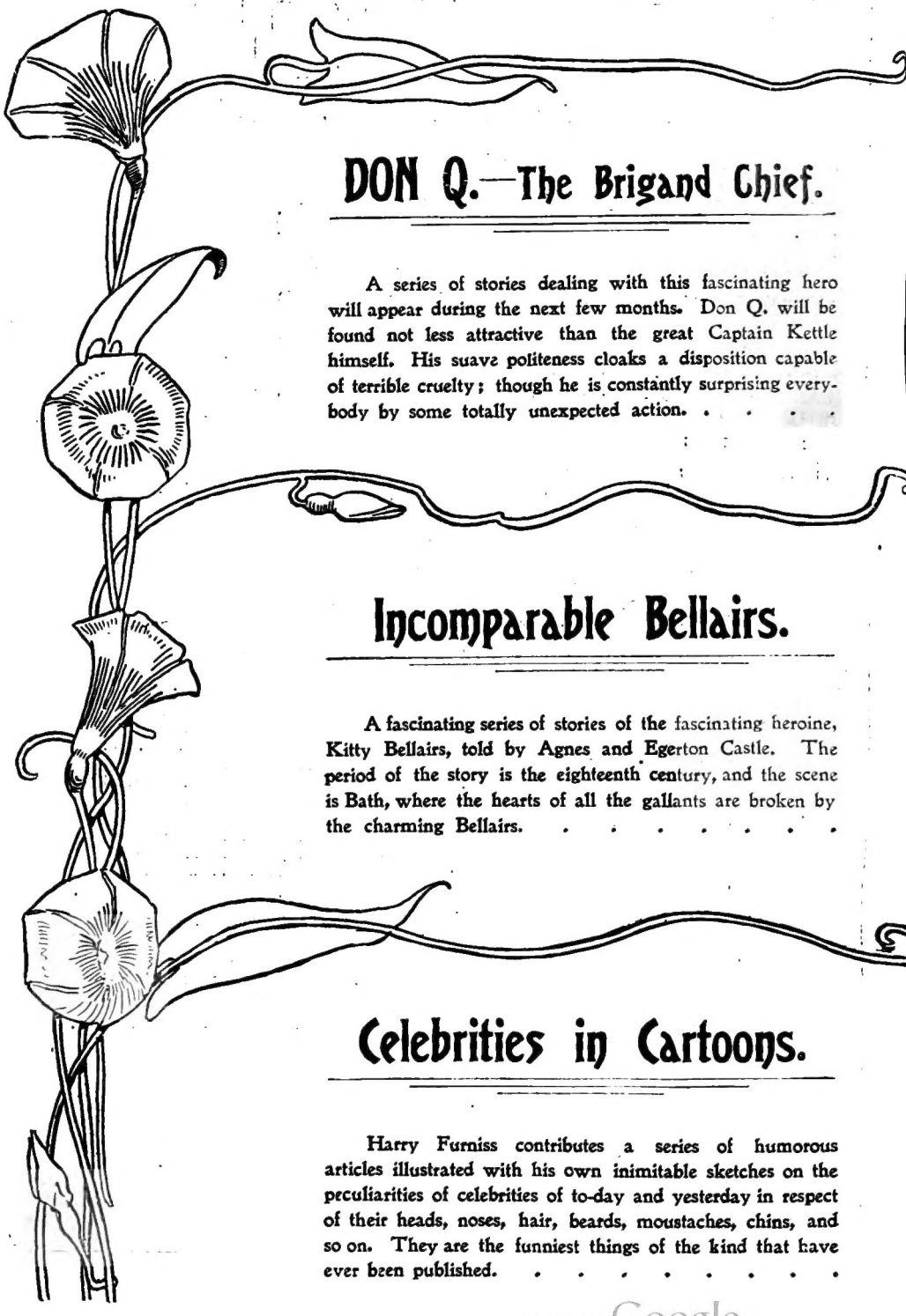

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